

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

German Stories; selected from the Works of Hoffmann, De la Motte Fouqué, Richler, Kruse, and others. By R. P. GILLIES, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1054. London and Edinburgh. Blackwood and Cadell.

GERMAN literature has, within these few years past, received great attention in this country. Superstition is often emblazoned by genius, and the revellings of imagination, particularly in Germany, have assumed forms, so wondrous as to isolate this species of its literature from that of surrounding countries, and obtain for it a character at once overwhelming and original. There are two methods of composition on which its renown is principally founded: one, a comic style, connecting the fantastic to the incongruously laughable; the other, a dark heavy mode of narration fitted to themes which combine the supernatural with the most horrific appendages of mortality. In the former, the merry pranks of human nature are detailed with considerable effect; in the latter, the black machinations of the heart are allied to shadowy dreams and appearances, and, like a perfect picture, the time and station form a background, successfully amalgamating in tone with the more prominent and principal objects. The German taste for monstrosities has given a sort of national character to the whole; traditions have been nourished; olden stories furbished up anew, and the most romantic regions of country, peopled with visionary shapes, and renowned for deeds which have only existed in the heated brains of popular and successful authors. The drama has not escaped this universal influence; by it a degree of palpable reality has been added to the effect of narration, and even music has proved subordinate in expressing (as far as music can express,) phrenzied sounds, and tones not of the earth. Besides the two principal styles of imaginative literature, there is yet a third, often adopted in Germany with success, viz. the delineation of common place existence, apart either from comicality or diablerie: but, in many of these subjects, there too often exists a sentimentality which, for want of a sustaining and powerful interest, becomes mawkish and uninteresting. There is, in the mind of man, (and the more glowing the soul the more it rages,) an intuitive desire for the marvellous: the change from every-day facts to the dreamy visions of the brain, is at first pleasant and engaging, and in peering into ideal darkness, the mental eye creates for itself a kind of supernal flame, fitful and wavering; lighted up one moment by present enthusiasm, and the next sinking to a sha-

dowy glimmer. In this state of actual uncertainty, the want of real objects is more than compensated by the power of imagination, which, in its boundless vision, forms new life and new worlds, until the more material portion of thought imbibes the new felt charm, and an illusory reality is founded on the wreck of chimeras. With similar feelings other nations have laid aside their native legends, and imported from Germany many of its most celebrated productions. Nor has England been behind her neighbours in this new mania. She has swallowed, with avidity, the horrific histories of the Hartz and other consecrated spots, learned justly to admire the robbers of Schiller, and to glance with startled thought at Goëthe's magnificent tragedy. Our dramatic lore, from these sources, has received an additional hue of terror, and melodrama owes many of its most successful hits to exotics from this land of traditional and superstitious wonder. Many tales have already appeared before the British public, claiming much of regard; and, in the 381st number of *The Literary Chronicle*, we reviewed at some length Roscoe's lately published work. We have now the pleasure of introducing to our readers a new collection of stories, ably rendered from the original language, by Mr. Gillies, well known to the literary world as the translator of *Horæ Germanicæ*, in that popular periodical—*Blackwood's Magazine*. The following tales, form three neatly printed volumes: *Made-moiselle de Seuderi*, and *Rolandsittin*, by Professor Hoffman; *Scharfenstein Castle*, from the pen of the Baroness La Motte Fouqué; *The Crystal Dagger*, and *Oath and Conscience*, by Professor Kruse, of Copenhagen, together with *Wallburga's Night*, the *Spectre Bride*, the *Sisters*, the *Warning*, *George Selding*, and the *Siege of Antwerp*. The first narrative, by Professor Hoffman, Mr. Gillies observes, is one of the few examples afforded by him of a plain historical style, in opposition to the wildness and bizarrerie, in which he usually indulged. It is founded on the diabolical crimes of Brinvilliers, with an account of one Cardillac, a second *Benvenuto Cellini*, in his art as a goldsmith, whose expertness in stabbing was equal to the poisons of the marchioness*. The style of this portion of German stories is highly pleasing, and a mysterious interest is created, which, at the denouement, is satisfactorily allayed. *Rolandsittin*, by the same author, is one of those wayward, well-told tales, which leave a considerable impression on the mind after perusal. Pregnant with incident, we quite

* For another version of this story, see Tales from the German, by Holcroft, reviewed in No. 362 of *The Literary Chronicle*.

agree with the translator, that its exuberance of plot would, if remodelled, form three separate dramas. *Scharfenstein Castle* is in letters; the scenic portions are good, but, as a whole, we like it the least of any. *The Crystal Dagger*, by Kruse, is not without the merit of ingenuity, in the contrivance of mysterious and intricate circumstance. *Oath and Conscience*, from the same pen, would form a good melo-drama; there is assassination and a forest, a count and a castle, a disappearance and a disclosure, a charge of guilt and a confession. *Wallburga's Night* is a pretty fairy legend, combining a share of the marvellous, with happy rural description. *The Spectre Bride* is of the supernatural horrific class: Monk Lewis had previously touched on this theme. *The Sisters* is of the fetch genus. *The Warning* has its human ghost, whose errand is a very meritorious one. *George Selding* has a moral, and the easy manner in which it is written, is in accordance with its most domestic subject. *The Siege of Antwerp* would lay the foundation of an excellent tragedy, or an historical novel; we consider it one of the most interesting narratives in the whole collection. But it is time we show our readers some portion of Mr. Gillies's labours, and, in so doing, we freely confess the difficulty of quoting. Were any of these stories less lengthy, we should be happy to give one entire, but their extension forbids us.

We shall, for the present, extract from the *Warning*, an adventure replete with horror, purporting to be related by the late Hofrath E****, merchant in B****, and said to be founded on fact. This said Hofrath is obliged to make a journey of considerable length, when his wife, on account of a most extraordinary dream, begs him to remain at home; this he refuses, and from her reiterated persuasions, he at last answers her with so much asperity, as to call forth her tears. After a renewal of love, as is usual in such cases, and hearing her frightful dream, in which she imagined he was attacked by robbers and murdered, he departs; on his route, he could not deny himself the pleasure of visiting his old friend, Nicholas Waldheim, is entertained with great kindness, and promises to make a second call on his return. Proceeding, he receives a letter from his lady, in which she urges him to see her immediately. With somewhat of the obstinacy of a husband, albeit unused to fits of superstition, he is in no humour to comply with her request:—

‘My transactions being at last wound up, I thought of returning homewards by a new route, which was equally convenient with the former for a traveller on horseback, and was

considerably shorter than the high road. But now, in truth, I had reason to think that it would have been better to retain my wife's courier, for I had with me a large sum of money, and its weight was too obvious to escape notice when the portmanteau was taken from my horse at an inn, and left oftentimes in the care of my host. It was hardly to be expected that the thoughts of robbery would not enter into the mind of some one or another, and, more than probable, that attempts would be made to put such plans into execution. I had, besides, to cross long tracts of forest scenery; and the autumnal weather began to break, so that, for the sake of expedition, I was obliged to travel a good way in the dark. I consoled myself with the thoughts that my horse was excellent, and that I was provided with a pair of doubly-loaded pistols, by which I trusted, that, in the hour of need, I should be able to defend my life and property.

'The first day of my homeward journey I still kept on the high road, but I had many a long mile betwixt me and the place where I intended to pass the night; so that I stopped for refreshment seldom, and as short a time as possible. My horse, therefore, shared in my sufferings from hunger and fatigue, when at last about nightfall I reached the appointed station. But here, what a strange reception awaited me! The host and hostess exhibited visages that were, without exception, the most repulsive I had ever beheld in my life. It is impossible to conceive a more determined concentration of savage wildness, gloom, and malicious discontent, than was betrayed by these people. At the same time, they tried as usual to appear courteous and friendly, but the effort that this obviously cost them rendered their aspect only more detestable. I would willingly have retired to rest, if hunger had not forced me to wait for supper, of which the preparations required unusual delay. Meanwhile they had shown me into a room, but, growing tired of its solitude, I only staid to examine whether there were any concealed trap-stairs or tapestry-doors, and, being satisfied on this point, betook myself to the landlord's apartment, where I entered into conversation with his daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty. I was surprised at the proofs of good education which she displayed in this dialogue, and felt the more interested by an appearance of reserve and melancholy which seemed to have taken deep root in her young and innocent heart. I was afraid to give her pain by rash questions, but prolonged the discourse in hopes of learning the cause of this grief, or being able to guess at her misfortunes, till her mother came and called me to supper. Then, too, as in the preceding dialogue, my desires were left ungratified, for the dishes, produced at last, were so abominably bad, that I was unable to eat a single morsel. Want of sleep soon drove me to my bed-room, which was on the second floor. The frightful rushing of the wind through the neighbouring fir-trees—the beating of the rain on the casements, and gloomy *tout ensemble* of this vile habitation,—brought my mind into a strange mood, which, though I am no coward, was

nearly allied to terror. That my host and hostess were not to be numbered among good people I was thoroughly persuaded, but if they were so very wicked as to rob and murder their guest, was a question which I could not determine. The longer I thought on this subject, the more I was inclined to believe that my life was by no means safe under their care, and many stories crowded on my remembrance of secret murders, from which the best organised police in the world cannot afford protection.

'At length I heard the outward doors of the house groaning on their hinges, and violently closed for the night. It seemed to me, thereupon, as if I were quite shut out from all the world, and thrown into a den of murderers. I even went to the window to examine whether, in case of need, I might not venture to leap from it, which expedient, on account of the height, I found quite out of the question. Now I remembered the dreams and forebodings of my wife, which increased my agitation. I carefully shut the door, piled up some chairs against it, that in the event of any one entering, I might be awakened by their fall, laid my pistols within reach, and betook myself to rest.

'Weariness soon overpowered all other sensations, and I fell fast asleep. I might have slumbered about an hour, when a noise awoke me, that seemed to be in my chamber. I raised myself from the pillow;—but what language can describe my horror, when, by the glimmering starlight, I actually beheld a figure robed in white, a phantom as it seemed,—wrapt in a shroud,—that stationed itself opposite my bed! My hair now stood on end, my teeth chattered, and for a while I lost all self-possession. At length I summoned up resolution and grasped one of my pistols, by which the figure did not seem in the slightest degree discomposed or intimidated; but, raising one arm in a threatening attitude, exclaimed in a hollow tone, "Be not afraid, for I come only to warn you. Go not again to the house of Waldheim, if you value your existence, for you will never come alive from under his roof." For a few moments the spectre stood motionless—then added, "Hast thou understood me?" and when, in a trembling voice, I answered "yes," he instantly disappeared.'

In the morning, he leaves his disagreeable host, and makes inquiries after his quondam friend, Waldheim; these prove unsatisfactory, and—

'I was obliged to hasten onwards, that the night might not overtake me; for on that day I had still a long way to travel. Besides, there were dark clouds on the horizon, and it was easy to foretell that, ere long, a formidable tempest must ensue. I rode, therefore, as hard as it was possible to do, without absolutely foundering my horse. The recollection of the nocturnal apparition,—my wife's forebodings,—the doubtful expressions of my landlord as to the character of Waldheim, by turns occupied my attention, and beguiled the way, though certainly not in a manner the most agreeable. Meanwhile, the night drew on apace, and it was evident that the darkness, aided by the gathering clouds, would be

quite impenetrable. There was a distant rolling of thunder, which reverberated hollowly through the forest; pale lightning quivered at intervals through the clouds, and the gloom always increased. It seemed as if the woods never would have an end. I made my horse exert himself to the very utmost, in order to reach some place of shelter; but at length I was obliged to pull him up, for the road became gradually more narrow, and the branches of the trees gave me such striking illustrations of the propriety of riding cautiously, that I was obliged to yield to them. My situation was certainly in the utmost degree vexatious,—more especially as I knew not even whether or not I was on the right road. Now I sincerely lamented my rash conduct in dismissing the servant that my wife, in her loving kindness, had sent after me, and was obliged to acknowledge, that my present difficulties were only a well-deserved punishment. The darkness, which had by this time grown quite opaque, obliged me to dismount, and lead my horse by the bridle, otherwise I had no chance of avoiding the branches, from which I had already received many severe blows. In such a manner, my progress was of course very slow, and my hopes of reaching any habitation become always fainter. At last, however, I found myself once more on the clear level ground; I felt as if I had just then escaped from a prison; I could again mount my horse, and ride along without dreading every moment to have my head knocked off my shoulders by a tree.

'The thunder clouds, however, had always come nearer and nearer; the lightning dazzled me with its quivering flashes; the wind rose through the neighbouring wood in strange fitful blasts, which were regularly followed by a mysterious stillness, augmenting the terrors of the hour. Yet now my hopes were revived by a light gleaming in the distance, although, in order to approach it, I durst not spur my horse, for the thunder startled him, and I was obliged to use every precaution to avoid being unseated by a sudden plunge.

'I had by degrees come so near the light, that I could discern, by its aid, the building from which it emanated, but, to my great consternation, I perceived that I had gone quite astray, and was now on the property—close to the very threshold of Nicholas Waldheim. Good counsel rose above par with a vengeance! Should I enter his house, or leave it? My horse was tired,—the storm raged unrelentingly,—and I felt myself so much in want of that repose to which the hospitable mansion of an old friend invited me; while, on the other hand, the most alarming, even supernatural warnings had announced that *here*, of all places in the world, I must not risk my personal safety. Perhaps, however, my extreme want of food and rest would have made me decide on braving all dangers, if my horse had not shown a violent disinclination to proceed any farther, and turned sharp round. This trifling circumstance put an end to my debate, and I resolved that I would rather pass the night in the forest than trust myself with a man whose

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Accordingly, I took my way back towards the woods, leaving it to chance to bring me on the high-road; or, if that might not be, I hoped to find some cottage, or other place, where I could at least obtain shelter from the rain, which now began to fall in large drops. I was glad when I reached the trees, which would afford me some protection; but new difficulties awaited me, for, on the outskirts of the forest, I did not think myself sufficiently secure against Waldheim's people, and the thickets were so dense and entangled, that my horse could not be led through them. I forced a passage through the branches, however, but at every step these became more closely interwoven, and the ground was more uneven. Several times I had fallen over the roots of trees, my face and hands bled from the scratches I had received, and my strength was nearly exhausted. At last, I heard a rushing noise of water as from a mill race, whence I concluded that I was near to some habitation, and redoubled my exertions to reach it if possible; but as it was in vain to think of bringing my horse any farther, I tied him by the bridle to a tree, took off the portmanteau, which I threw across my shoulders, and fastened by the straps round my neck. My route was now very hazardous. I had to clamber over great trunks of trees and fragments of rock—had to struggle through deep places, where I was often so hemmed in by thickets of brushwood, that I could neither get backwards nor forwards,—till I nearly lost all courage. Add to these hindrances the frightful thunderstorm, and the terror that I might be struck down with lightning, attracted by the steel clasps of my portmanteau. My condition was indeed most grievous, but after long persevering labour, I came to the edge of a declivity under which the rivulet rushed—I followed its course, not without imminent danger of tumbling in headlong, and found my conjectures confirmed that there was a mill there. A gleam of lightning showed me a large building of that description, but the ruinous sluice, over which the water now played idly, proved that it was in disuse; therefore, probably, there were no inhabitants. On farther search, I discovered an old tottering bridge, leading across the mill-race; which I passed, and ran towards the building for shelter, while the rain fell in torrents. Suddenly it occurred to me that this place might be the resort of robbers, in which case I should absolutely throw myself into their hands; but my fatigue was so great that it overbalanced my apprehension. I found the door open—(a sign that no one lived there)—I groped about with great caution in the darkness, and advanced till I touched the platform of the inner mill-wheel. Quite worn out, yet terrified by the thoughts of falling perhaps through a hole in the floor, or stumbling over some murdered victim, I seated myself at last in a corner, and resolved to wait there for daylight.—Scarcely had I composed myself for rest, when a most overpowering sense of horror came over me. What could be the real history of this build-

ing, which stood so desolate and forsaken?—If robbers, as it seemed probable, haunted the place, would I not certainly be found out and murdered?—What if the midnight spectre should again appear to me?—These, and other harassing thoughts, forced themselves on my mind; and I was the less able to combat them, when, reclining on the floor, I became aware of a most detestable atmosphere, as if from a charnel-house, which became so insupportable, that I would have left my hiding place, if my fears had not rendered me powerless. After I had remained for about an hour in this torment, voices were audible at the door; and as I had no doubt that the new comers were banditti, my death seemed now irrevocably decreed. I could hear that there was some wrangling among them as to the cause of the door being found open, after which four men came in with a lantern, and bearing a sack that was filled evidently with some cumbrous and heavy load.—They drew near without observing me, lifted up some boards in the flooring, and opened the sack. It contained the bloody corpse of a man, which they threw down under the floor, then closed up the aperture as before.

My hair now stood on end. I shook as in an ague fit, and nearly fainted; for, in addition to the other terrors of this scene, I recognised Waldheim's eldest son among the murderers. "So much for that fellow!" said he, when they had thrown down the body; "if we had met with E****," (here he mentioned my name,) "and disposed of him in like manner, it would have been better worth our trouble."—"I am afraid," said another, "we have no chance of seeing him to-night."—"Well," answered a third, "if he comes not to night, he will to-morrow;—at all events, he shall not escape us."—Perhaps I had unconsciously made some noise; for the ruffian Waldheim remarked, "the door was left open; let us search the house, that we may be sure no one is watching us." The rest, however, were afraid; they alleged that it was no place to remain in longer than necessity required; and it was impossible that any one would venture to watch there, unless it were some revengeful ghost. This cowardice saved my life; for if, in reality, they had searched the building, I must have been discovered, and my death was certain.—At last they quitted this den of murder, and carefully locked the door.

My feelings at that moment baffle every attempt to describe them. How near I had been to destruction!—I had just seen one murdered victim secreted, and heard that a like fate was destined for me. Even now I was by no means safe, for if by chance they discovered my horse, this would doubtless excite their suspicions—they would then come back and make a resolute search. If I could escape on the return of daylight was also uncertain; but these miserable apprehensions were increased to a nameless horror, when I heard the murdered man beneath me groaning hideously, and rattling in his throat. I am certain that I heard him—he was murdered, indeed, for his wounds must have been mortal, but life was not yet extinct. The cold sweat stood on my forehead—my heart

beat audibly—I had almost died; indeed, it seemed as if the night would never have an end. My senses were confused in delirium, and I almost doubted if I yet lived.

At last the gray light of morning began to gleam through the broken roof, and hopes revived that I might make my escape. As soon as I could clearly distinguish objects, I went to the door, but it was so thoroughly secured, that all my efforts to force it open were in vain. In searching through the building for some other outlet, I stumbled on the entrance to the pit-fall, into which the last victim had been thrown; I lifted up the boards, and, with indescribable abhorrence, beheld eleven dead bodies, many of them already in the most frightful stages of corruption—among these I was to have been deposited, and might be so still, if I did not succeed in gaining my liberty. After much trouble I found another door, which yielded to a vehement effort; it led into a room in which there were many bloody dresses hung up against the wall. This apartment was lighted by a small window, of which I instantly broke the casement, and, though at the risk of my neck, leaped out.

Now then I was at liberty; but still I had not my horse, nor, if he were found, did I know in what direction I should ride in order to escape from those assassins. I retraced, as nearly as I could guess at it, my course of the preceding night, and having now the advantage of daylight to guide me through the thickets, discovered my faithful steed sooner than I could have expected. A beaten cart-road also presented itself; I mounted and trotted away with the utmost expedition.

Though the scenes were quite new to me, and I could not tell whither I went, yet chance, for this time, favoured my purpose; for, after riding about two miles, I reached a post station. Here, as soon as I had obtained some refreshment, I took a carriage with extra horses, and drove as rapidly as possible towards B****. I reached home the same day, and, on my arrival, had recourse to the director of police, before whom I made a circumstantial declaration of my adventures, whereupon he ordered a proper legal inquiry to be commenced, and, the same evening, despatched one of his officers, with a band of soldiers, to Waldheim's residence.

Hofrathe's wife, a good woman, is overjoyed at his safe return; he visits Waldheim in prison; hears a recital from the culprit's youngest son, explanatory of his father's crimes, and the causes which drove him to guilt, and finds that the young man (to whom he was godfather,) had assumed the ghost, to warn him of his impending fate. Waldheim and his accomplices are executed, and this perilous history concludes. We may possibly recur to the pages of this truly entertaining and well written work; but should we not, we do not hesitate in pronouncing it one of the most talented translations of German novels which has ever appeared.

The History of the Reign of Henry VIII: comprising the Political History of the Commencement of the English Reformation. By SHARON TURNER, F. S. A. and R. A. S. L. 4to. pp. 710. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

MR. TURNER'S reputation stands too high, and has extended too far, to render it necessary that we should preface an account of this, the first part of his *Modern History of England*, with many remarks upon the talent, industry, impartiality, and research, which distinguish his former historical investigations. It will be readily believed that this portion of Mr. Turner's labours demanded the full exercise of these invaluable qualities; and we are happy to perceive that he can still blend the matured judgment and increased experience of years with the ardour of feeling and glow of eloquence, which are generally the concomitants of youth, and which shed so lofty and complete a charm over all that he has written. We know of few writers, devoting themselves to important and abstract investigations, who are capable of leading us along with them through the instrumentality of a style so clear in statement, so varied in description, so profound in reflection, and, in a word, so full of power and fascination. The recollection of all this made us await, with somewhat of impatience, this long-promised history; and we now welcome its appearance with proportionate satisfaction.

Much has been said and sung upon the great events which occasionally spring out of petty causes; and here, perhaps, we have a fresh theme for those who delight to dwell upon such matters. Mr. Turner's works on the Anglo-Saxons, and on the English history during the middle ages, having carried on the account of our national transactions to the death of Henry VII., he rejoiced at having surmounted the comparative darkness of the fifteen hundred years through which he had been travelling, and at having 'reached an epocha, brighter, because more recorded; and better, because more earnestly pursuing and valuing intellectual and moral merit.' But a cursory inspection of the agreeable and abundant materials which now presented themselves, speedily convinced the historian that they would require as much intense application and indefatigable labour, to reduce them into the appropriate and available form of historical composition, as he had been compelled to bestow upon his anterior investigations. 'The perception of this certainty,' says Mr. Turner, 'and that love of repose, which, as age advances, becomes one of its greatest enjoyments, induced the author to suspend his inquiries, and to abandon this extensive branch of his original design to younger eyes and to more vigorous health.' In this state of relaxing resolution, Mr. Southey, while prosecuting his polemical controversy with Mr. Butler, put some questions to Mr. Turner, which the latter felt 'unable to answer to his own satisfaction, and the result was, that our excellent historian, in spite of his longing for tranquillity, and the unfitness for protracted labour, which is the natural attendant of length of years, 'was roused

to return to the forsaken paths of his former investigations;' waded through letters from English ambassadors and agents in all parts of Europe, to Henry, to Wolsey, and to succeeding ministers; encountered a large and promiscuous mass of state papers and instructions; compared, transcribed, reflected carefully, selected, and arranged; and at length produced this highly-interesting, important, and comprehensive volume.

The general expectation that Mr. Turner would be enabled to invest this critical period of our annals with a considerable portion of novel interest and additional information, has not been disappointed. In the character of historian of this eventful reign, he now comes forward as a supporter of the Protestant cause, and as the advocate of Henry, (the first forty-five years of whose life certainly exhibit him as a liberal, rather intellectual, and somewhat romantic being,) whose character, he asserts, has never been fairly estimated. He defends the first argumentatively and liberally, and, in our opinion, throws considerable light upon the latter. Without entering very deeply into theological views, (which he reserves for some future period, when he may contemplate them in their moral and political bearings, and as a completed whole,) he briefly combats the idea that the ecclesiastical persons who suffered under Henry or his successors, were destroyed only for their religion, and quotes, in support of his side of the question, a public statement in the beginning of the reign of James I. In the celebrated conference before this sovereign at Hampton Court, in 1603, Dr. Reynolds applied for the suppression or restraint of unlawful and seditious books; the king, it appears, denied the policy of the solicited suppression, two of the cabinet ministers proffered reasons for allowing the free circulation of the obnoxious works, and the business was wound up by a remark of the lord treasurer, that those publications contained testimonies of the secular priests and jesuits of the Romish church, by which 'her late majesty and the state were cleared of the imputation of putting papists to death for their conscience only, seeing in those books they themselves confess that they were executed for treason.' We are unwilling to lessen the due weight and value of this anecdote; but we confess we cannot see that it yields so much confirmation as Mr. Turner fancies. Several parts of the present history are more decisive; and the work, altogether, is no weak auxiliary to the cause of Protestantism. But the success which has attended Mr. Turner's examination of the official papers preserved at the British Museum, is most strikingly conspicuous, where he traces the peculiar connexion of the movements of the celebrated Duke of Bourbon with several of the most astounding events which give so much of interest and importance to this period of English history. It was reserved for him to show that this personage, so famed for his courage, his ability, and the remarkable occurrences of his stormy life, swore allegiance to Henry VIII., and undertook to place him on the throne of France. For this purpose Mr. Turner describes him as invad-

ing that kingdom, and 'being earnest, notwithstanding his failures, to renew and consummate his project.' The subsequent attempts, (better known than the intriguing policy in which they had their origin,) are spiritedly portrayed by Mr. Turner. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the projects of the united enemies of the youthful Francis, (Bourbon, Henry, and the German emperor,) after much paltry skirmishing, sounding pretension, wretched policy, and empty show, experienced an entire failure in the years 1523 and 24. The renewal of these attempts, a few years afterwards, led only to Henry's treaty of peace with the king whom he had been so anxious to supplant; and the heroic death of Bourbon at the capture of Rome formed their appropriate and sufficing climax. Mr. Turner is peculiarly happy in depicting the exploits, character, motives, and general conduct, of this extraordinary man. After a powerful description of the battle of Pavia, in 1525, when examining the reflections of the gallant captive, Francis, Mr. Turner thus alludes to his brilliant but (in the historian's estimation,) base conqueror:—

'Thrown down, so contrary to his own anticipations, from the highest pinnacle of worldly greatness to the lowest condition of human life, a captive; and forced to brood on the most piercing of all mental exasperations, that the degradation had been hurled upon him by a vindictive and now triumphant kinsman, countryman, friend, and subject, no external circumstances could yield consolation. Whenever, in the anguish of his lacerated mind, he turned to consider from whence the dart of fire had been thrown into his agitated heart, the acclaiming voices of the exulting enemy around announced to him that it was Bourbon—the man whose complaints he had disregarded—whose resentment he had dared—whose power he had despised—whom he had exiled as an outlaw, and publicly denounced as a traitor. This affronted, unpardoned, and unpardoning individual, had counselled, produced, planned, led, manœuvred and animated, amid perils, difficulties, and doubts, that few would have faced, and fewer overcome, a desperate assault, which abased and debilitated the king, whom natural birth, social allegiance, and patriotic sympathies, ought to have induced him to have defended and upheld. It must have been misery in its most sensitive form, for Francis to have seen his best, most attached, and most heroic friends, fall bleeding by his side one after another in unavailing efforts to rescue and to preserve him. But could Bourbon see or know that the corpses of Tremouille, Bonnivet, and all the gallant men who, rather than abandon, had chosen to perish for their country and their king, were lying on the sanguinary field, and feel no remorse, no regret, no self-reproach? His nature and his ancestry were too noble for such insensibility. The humiliation of his sovereign was so manifestly to all, both his glory and his disgrace, that his own bosom must have been affected by the insuppressible contrast. He must have read the feeling that he was a traitor, in every eye

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that approached with its congratulating voice. It was his talents not his probity which had triumphed. Bayard's fame, "the chevalier sans reproche," could never become the undying epithet of his name; nor would the laurel of the great captain remove from his brow the brand, that he had earned by the sacrifice of his personal honour.'

'A remarkable destination of events, a singular combination of animating and mortifying circumstances, pursued this distinguished nobleman's resenting career. He never acted but to make his enemies flee before him, whenever walls were not their shelter; he obtained the triumph of every martial field in which he commanded; and yet personal disappointment in every bosom wish and most elaborated project followed, like its chilling shadow, close upon every success. His flowers of hope, when he seemed to have planted their stem most permanently, withered in their bud as he advanced to pluck them. Others intercepted or reaped the golden harvests that were springing up from his great victories. He lived to conquer those who doubted, neglected, undervalued, or forsook him, without deriving to himself either solid advantage or unclouded reputation; and the wealth, rank, duchies, royal bride, principality, and even kingdom, which not only his imagination regaled itself in anticipating, but which solemn promises and treaties had secured to him, successively vanished from his enjoyment when he had earned and won, and most justly expected them.

'The last four years of his life passed to him like an agitated dream of these striking vicissitudes; evincing so much commanding ability and noble qualities, that we cannot, as we study or read what he achieved, avoid commiserating the delusion of angry passion which threw him from the bosom of that country he might have honoured and benefited, into the disgraceful position of confederating with its enemies to attack it. There was a greatness, a strength, an energy, and in other respects a virtuousness in his mind; such a superiority over most of his contemporaries, that it is as surprising as it is lamentable, that it could have been induced to put itself into a predicament so defaming and so infelicitating; but the witchcraft of tempting crime is one of those mysteries of our intellectual nature, which no reasoning has explained. Whoever has felt the influence in himself, or heard it faithfully described by others, knows that it comes with an urging delusion of the judgment, which usually overpowers the weak; and has often made the wisest do what, a short time before and for ever afterwards, they most abhor, and to which they are not unreasonably astonished they should ever have surrendered. While the interior solicitation lasts, nature, thought, society, and life, assume new aspects, and ourselves incline to a new character. We see nothing but what suits the guilty purpose that strives to master us. We like nothing while it influences, but what favours its gratification; and when it has subdued us, or has been driven defeated from our frame, we feel like men awaking from an unnatural deliri-

um, or emerging from the scenery of a foreign land; wondering, that for any moment we could have felt and reasoned, hesitated or acted, so unlike all that we most esteem, all that we have sincerely been, and all the great or good tendencies which we have habitually or resolutely cultivated. The foulest crimes, murder, robbery, fraud, adultery, perjury, treason and impiety, have thus been perpetrated by persons who, anterior to the sudden hour of that inexplicable seduction, were of great honour and worth; because when the trial came, their moral principles had no stable root; or egotism and presumption had withered their strength, and bowed down their branches from the skies they were seeking, to the fatal agencies and poisons that corroded and destroyed them. Revenge and pride were the evil demons that thus came with their disastrous visit to the Prince of Bourbon's mind. He gave them a reception which made them his bosom inmates; and they never left him nor were ejected by him during a life of consequential vexation, suffering and disappointment, till a death of violence, in the bloom of manhood, extinguished, in a desperate moment, and on a questionable enterprise, all earthly sensibility in his long-mortified, inflamed, determined, and yet foreboding spirit.'

'Bourbon had expired before the perilous triumph had been completed; exemplifying the truth of the Homeric sentiment, so often verified and so little heeded, that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." Astrological guesses, or superstitious fancies, had even drawn his mind to anticipate this catastrophe; but his foreboding of the contingency had only fixed his resolution to welcome the king of terrors, if human renown would attend the dismal visit. Asking only, that fame, which he could not bear, and that praise, which he would never know, should be the companions of his memory in history or social converse, he was content for this result to sink into sepulchral dissolution, inadvertent of its mysterious consequences and awful possibilities.'

'But as fame for virtue benefits, so that from what is vicious tends, in proportion to its nature, to injure mankind, and makes its possessor, as long as it lasts, a mental male, factor to society; poisoning, where he cannot remedy; and diffusing evil from his tomb, till he is forgotten, like a self-blighted spirit of wilful and unprovoked malignity. It was Bourbon's unhappy case, from the moral obliquity of his desertion and invasion of his native country, that he could live nowhere, either honoured or beloved. The reproaching eye was always upon him, wherever he moved; and he found comfort in no place but in the camp, and there only when he could silence human chiding by some transcending victory. Life without it brought no lasting joy. The grave only could give peace to his disappointed heart: and as it was by military fame that he had the greatest chance of overpowering human censure, to gain this, at every hazard, became his desperate choice; and the hope and prospect of attaining it, were all the human comforts that, even at

the age of thirty-five, he found to be within his command.'

Having paid this tribute to one of the most remarkable men of a period which abounded with them, we will now turn to the individual who stands foremost in these pages, as the master of his sovereign, the agitator of Europe, the egotist, the actor, the hypocrite, the trickster, the tyrant, the pantomimical puppet (our epithets are Mr. Turner's, and he proves them to be just ones.)—Wolsey. The earlier pages of this history appropriated to this adventure, exhibit such a picture of debasing vanity, and intolerable arrogance, as renders the imagination sick with excess of scorn; not less for the inflated wretch who revelled amid his gorgeous luxuries, than for the patron who supported, and the people who endured him. Our next extract relates to this coxcomb cardinal's journey to France, in 1527:—

'He landed at Calais on 11th July, and announced himself to have been appointed the king's lieutenant-general, thus adding military dignity to his ecclesiastical state. As he moved from that town, all the knights and soldiery who carried spears at Calais, Guines, and Hammes, attended upon him in black velvet, with massy chains of gold. This was his travelling costume; and his train occupied nearly a mile of the road in its length of parade. His own space, not a thousandth part of it—the rest, the retinue of his ostentation. He chose to be publicly incensed, like a pagod, before he entered Calais. In the lantern gate, carpets and cushions were placed for him, on which he kneeled, and made his prayers in the open air, and there he was "censed with two great censors of silver, and sprinkled with holy water, before all the worshipfullest persons in the town, who received him in most solemn wise." From this proud mockery of things sacred, he rose up, and with all the assembly singing before him, passed on to St. Mary's church, where "turning himself to the people, he gave them his benediction and clear remission." He displayed the same assuming arrogance of spirit went at church, afterwards, with the king of France at Amiens, in causing his own rich seat to be placed three steps higher than that of the sovereign of the country whom he was visiting.'

'The worm was at this moment beginning to corrode the root of all his greatness, while he was busy in extending its soaring ramifications. Never did any one want more than did Wolsey at this juncture, that French king's counsellor, who, being asked by his sovereign, as he was retiring from the court, to leave him some general rules for the best government of his kingdom, took a paper and wrote, on its top, "Moderation"—in the middle, "Moderation"—and at the bottom, the same emphatic, wise, and friendly admonition.

'From Calais he passed through Boulogne and Montreal, with a day's short rest at each till he reached Abbeville; but here he wasted almost a fortnight. Francis made no rapid movement towards him, and he had been himself proscribed from seeking the French sovereign. He went at last to Picquigny Castle, about six miles from Amiens, and

the first persons of the royal court who approached the appointed place of interview were Louisa the regent, and her daughter, Margaret, now the wife of the king of the contested and subordinate province of Navarre. It was not till the third day of August that Francis came to Amiens, and Wolsey on the next day proceeded from Picquigny to meet him; but Francis unexpectedly advancing from the town towards him before he had put on that state dress in which he chose to be seen by the king, he dismounted hastily into a little chapel by the road side, to decorate himself in richer apparel, and to mount a new mule, superbly trappled in velvet, pearled with gold, with deep golden fringes, silver stirrups, and gold-embossed bridle, making his appearance a gorgeous display of glittering splendor.

Henry's idea of a divorce from Catherine, is clearly shewn to have been the work of Wolsey; who sought in this way to 'wreak his resentment on Catherine, and on her imperial nephew (the Emperor Charles of Germany); to place on the throne a queen that would owe her elevation to him, and to establish an interest with Francis, which would be a source of pecuniary treasure, and a consolidation of his ministerial power. But though Henry *did* owe the conception of the idea of divorce to Wolsey, it is evident, that the attractions of Anne Boleyn, made him, at a subsequent period, most anxious to raise her to the throne, at the expense of Catherine. With Mr. Turner's portrait of the mental and personal accomplishments, and moral character of the former celebrated lady, we must conclude our first notice of this valuable history:—

'Placed in the queen's household, she was, without any immodest self-protrusion, frequently in his sight; but no more than she had been for several years in the daily contemplation of the princes of France, as, when transplanted to England, she was in the daily society of its most eminent nobility. Catherine noticed Henry's preferring eye, but did not therefore dismiss her attendant, although she had the power of consigning her to absence and obscurity. That a face so beautiful; that her subduing eye, her lively vivacity, her courtly elegance, her dignified form, and her engaging manners, should impress the sensibility of Henry, as they fascinated Lord Percy, and interested Wyatt, was a natural effect of such rich and rare endowments of that Divine Artist, from whose matchless skill and benign taste all beauty springs; and who has chosen to make female loveliness on his own peculiar plan, and by his spontaneous will, as well as the innumerable charms of other forms of nature, as intimations to us of the sovereign perfections which centre in himself. It is, therefore, natural that beauty should generally, though not equally affect us.'

'It is with beauty as with all our enjoyments and tastes, the indulgence must be subdued whenever the gratification becomes linked with immorality, or our Creator will withdraw our sources of happiness. That both Henry and Anne Boleyn erred in the premature attachment, and suffered from the error,

we may admit, and must perceive; but that she should be therefore assailed with all the bitterness of envenomed phrase and feeling, as if she had really been the worthless hussey, the Jezebel, the Messalina, and the monster which her sacerdotal enemies delighted to paint her, till she sank under that destruction of character which they so pitilessly and wilfully contributed to produce, is not creditable either to their memory or to their cause. So eager have her defamers been to depreciate all her merit, that while Sanders acknowledges her "fine proportion of body; the peculiar beauty of her lips; her sportive gaiety; her grace in dancing; her skill on the lute; and her elegant taste in dress, which made her a mirror to all the court;" he yet has taken the pains to assert that her complexion had a tinge of yellow, as if she was diseased; that one of her upper teeth had a very small prominence; that her right hand had a sixth finger, and her chin a wen, which made her cover her neck, contrary to the former fashion of the English ladies, who used to leave it naked. Thus, what may have been the choice of modesty and good taste, could, in his estimation, be only a contrivance to conceal a deformity. For her mind, he has no other characters, than that "it was full of pride, ambition, envy and luxury." We may pity the heart that could deliberately regale itself with such obvious detraction.

'But Anne Boleyn, like every person who fills a pedestal in our national history, claims from our justice those impartial considerations on her situation, pretensions, feelings and conduct, which, equally avoiding panegyric or prejudice, may assist the discriminating reader in his ultimate decision on her merits and defects. Her moral heraldry will gain no lustre by canceling the imperfections which accompanied her trying, tempting, embarrassing, and difficult course; and therefore, as these occur, they shall be fairly noticed. The girl of twenty, whose school, since her age of seven, had been a gay and luxurious court, must be expected to display many faults both in judgment and high principle, during a too prosperous life, though modesty, taste, and religion, preserved, at first, her female honor, and for some time afterwards upheld it, amid urgencies, allurements, delays and disappointments, by which many, both older and wiser, have been vanquished. It may indeed be questioned if biography can furnish a parallel of another young lady, of merely gentle birth, resisting for six years the seductive agencies that were surrounding her, when her lover was a king; and yet retaining his continued and ardent preference amid the competition of the chief beauties of England, when so many suggestions of political ambition and regal pride were dissuading him; and notwithstanding the irritating impediments, attacks, fears, and failures which he had to endure and to overcome, before he could place on the throne the woman he could not subdue, and for whom he was compelled, by the obstinacy of others, so vexatiously to wait.'

(To be continued.)

The Story of a Wanderer; founded upon his Recollections of Incidents in Russian and Cossack Scenes. 12mo. pp. 294. London, 1826. Charles Knight.

THE Story of a Wanderer sounds attractively to the romantic ear; but Russian and Cossack Scenes appear to us ill-fitted for the pen of fiction and the flight of fancy. Sentiment sitting itself down to moralize among these semi-barbarians, is pleasant enough; but to make them its heroes, and array them in all the tender and seducing colours in which it delights to revel, is little less than gross absurdity. But passing at once from the author's taste in selection to his talent in execution, we must say that we do not believe him to be so idle a man as he depicts himself; else how could he have worked up and expanded a few meagre recollections into a volume of almost three hundred pages?—If he derived his inspiration rather from the muse of invention than that of memory, the same charge of industry must lie against him, since he has evidently laboured hard to torture sameness into variety, and to give an air of substantiality to very shadowy nonentities. The Wanderer opens his mind to us in his commencing chapter thus:—

'There are few men who, at some period of their lives, do not feel a greater interest in the recollection of former events than in the incidents of the passing hour; whilst almost every one who has strayed beyond the boundary of his native village, persuades himself that in his rambles he has learnt or seen something worth remembering—something which, were it recorded, might at least serve to beguile the weariness of a lonely moment, even should it not answer the better purpose of instruction. If this is a folly, it is one in which, I confess, I largely indulge; but such a folly has ever been held venial in an old man, especially one like me, whose chance it has been during the wanderings of early life to mix in scenes and incidents almost bearing the impression of romance. Taking then the old man's privilege, without further preface, I will for a while look back on former days and endeavour to retrace some of these events—events in which I once took the liveliest interest.'

'Led by a restless disposition to traverse distant regions, almost without an object,' he happens to meet with a particular friend, the colonel of a battalion of infantry, who, having received orders to proceed to Teflis, entreats the author to accompany him. Anxious to gratify a desire to travel in safety through Grusia, 'a country long famous for its inhospitality to strangers,' he accepts the invitation of his military friend. There is something amusing in the idea of his avowed anxiety to study a people whose prominent quality he states to be inhospitality; and we think he must have been peculiarly fortunate in not having acquired sufficient experience in this way nearer home. Were we able really to get abroad, instead of sending our imaginations thither, we should be anxious neither to seek the North Pole with Parry, the Gauchos with Captain Head, nor the Grusians, (scarcely so pleasant,) with our wanderer.

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These respectable people, the Grusians are described as 'raising their arm against all mankind,—robbing, murdering, and enslaving all who are unhappily driven by ill-fortune, or stimulated by curiosity to traverse their inhospitable country. It does not appear that our author's calculation that he should travel in safety in consequence of his military escort was altogether judicious; since on a recent occasion these desperate savages actually ensnared and destroyed two companies of infantry! But to our wanderer:—his friend, the colonel, is killed; and he nearly dies too, with excess of sorrow for the deprivation. A kind old Cossack, however, recovers him; but he becomes nearly as sick again, with love for said Cossack's beautiful daughter, 'whose form,' he says, 'might be that of a celestial being; the purity of her mind was Heaven itself.' Having remained with these friendly beings, (who appear to be Cossack peasants, but turn out to be something better,) a considerable time, the old man at length tells his story in 'deep impassioned tones,' (these tones distinguish almost all the personages introduced,) which may have rendered the tale interesting to listeners, but which, not being transferable to the wanderer's narration, it seems to us sad, dull, heavy stuff. Our hero experiences many 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' and endures much suffering; but whenever he happens to fall ill, or to be detained by any other cause in the course of his journeys, he is sure very opportunely to meet with some valuable manuscript, or to encounter some interesting and ancient gentleman, overflowing with kindness and confidence, and having, moreover, a marvellous history to relate. Thus we have the history of the Cossack and his celestial daughter Ekatherina,—the story of Anna Petrovna,—the narrative of Boulatoff,—and those of the Archimandrite, and of the monk of Petcherski, all of which are in every sense dreary and overwhelming. Here and there, however, we meet a valuable hint, clever sketch, or smart description, serving for awhile to dissipate the prevailing gloom, and with one of these we close our remarks upon the Story of a Wanderer: he is describing the festivities attendant upon the election of the distinguished Platoff to the dignity of Hetman:—

'These, for the most part, were boisterous, it is true; but such as suited the taste of the Hetman and his people. Of this description was a general hunting party of the wild horses that range over their boundless steppes; on which occasion the Hetman and some of his attendants, mounted on the fleetest Kherghis steeds, issued from the town with music and banners; whilst others, having previously spread themselves over the plain, drove many of the wild coursers towards their chief. The chase then began, and any particular horse singled from the herd was pursued, till some one of the hunters, more fortunate than the rest, succeeded in throwing a coil of rope round his neck; when, before he could again break loose, another would complete the capture by throwing a second noose from the other side, and thus so firmly securing him that in despite of kicking and plunging he

would be compelled to gallop off the field between his captors. This was a favourite amusement with the Cossacks, as it required both courage and dexterity; and those who returned most successful from such a chase were greeted with general applause. The Hetman bold, vigorous, and well mounted was one of the most successful huntsmen on this occasion; and he re-entered his town with even greater éclat than he had left it, whilst the people welcomed his return with shouts of admiration.

'The next day the rejoicings were continued by a review of the military force, and a trial of skill in the various Cossack military exercises. It was truly an exhilarating sight to witness with what enthusiasm and dexterity the numerous regiments of light cavalry, of which their force consisted, performed their different evolutions; all vigorous young men, armed, clothed, mounted, at their individual expense, and serving their country at the price of their lives and property, with no other reward than praise and honour. But their Hetman, raised from the rank of simple Cossack, was an example of the high reward given in their country to merit; and each individual seemed bent on obtaining the same honour in his turn. Indeed, it is common with them to encourage each other to daring exploits by repeating their well-known proverb, "Go on, brave Cossack, thou shalt be Hetman."

'The approach of the Hetman was announced by the singularly wild notes of their national music; which the soldiers joined with their voices, singing verses in commendation of their chief. It has been said that music has an extraordinary power in exciting the spirits of soldiers, and this saying is undoubtedly very applicable to the Cossacks; for, as their song proceeded, their enthusiastic vehemence increased to such a degree, that each appeared to imagine himself the hero whose praises he was celebrating.

'Their discipline and exercises are not less remarkable than their music. At a signal given, scattering themselves over the plain, they seemed to fly before an enemy, galloping in apparent confusion, but still firing their pistols as they fled; till, at another signal, suddenly rallying, they formed themselves again in masses and returned at full speed, with their long spears lowered as if to charge the enemy. It struck me as being a mode of attack and defence similar to that ascribed to the Parthians; and it is, undoubtedly, well adapted to light irregular cavalry, being, perhaps, the only one which troops of that description could use with any advantage.

'In their individual exercises they showed even greater skill than in their military evolutions. Indeed, the dexterity with which they used their long spears was so great, and they were such fearless horsemen, that they would strike a mark with the spear, or swing themselves round on their saddles, and, suspended by one leg, pick up anything from the ground, when their horses were at their quickest speed. In such amusements and exercises the days of rejoicing rolled quickly on, whilst the evenings were spent in feasting, dancing, and every convivial pleasure.'

The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the Time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VII. Composed from the Original Documents of the Archives of the Supreme Council, and from those of Subordinate Tribunals of the Holy Office. Abridged and Translated from the original Works of D. JEAN ANTOINE LLORENTE, formerly Secretary of the Inquisition, &c. 8vo. pp. 603. London, 1826. Geo. B. Whittaker.

NUMBER of persons who were condemned and who perished in the flames... 31,912
Effigies burnt 17,659
Condemned to severe penances ... 291,450

341,021

Three hundred and forty-one thousand, and twenty-one individuals burnt or tortured under the authority of forty-four inquisitors-general!*

In the firm conviction that there cannot exist a more eloquent and all-important instrument than the above, (which is moderately computed, and does not include the entire field of inquisitorial power and vengeance,) we commence our review of the History of the Spanish Inquisition, by giving its finest and fullest commentary,—this concise and consolatory compendium of its blessed results,—so deservedly conspicuous a situation. And yet, appallingly clear as is the information conveyed by this little document, how inadequately can even it enable us to guess at the whole of the obligations which mankind are under to the Inquisition. It speaks to us of unmerited degradation,—of penance, of torture, and of death; it leads the eye of the imagination to scenes of hopeless dreary imprisonment, which combined the two first, but denied the quiet of the last. It tells us plainly of all these; but it leaves to our own researches and reflections all the evidences of early smothering of intellect,—of the degrading triumphs over mind in all its modifications,—in all its various aspirations,—of the crushing in embryo of all learned and enlightened institutions, or their overthrow, if they had ventured to spring up beneath the shadow of secrecy, or amid the gloom of solitude, and of the utter prostration of all lofty and liberal feeling,—of all benign and benevolent sympathies, wherever the demoniac influence of the holy office has been allowed to spread. Heart-sickening as is the task,—painfully as it lessens our respect for human nature,—making one uncertain whether most to loathe or condemn the imbecility which endures, or the villainy that inflicts,—yet it must and ought to be encountered. The immediate aspect of affairs in more than one country, and the certainty that the inquisition is a thing of our own days, and not merely a monstrous phantom of the past, is

* 'The horrid conduct of this holy office weakened the power and diminished the population of Spain, by arresting the progress of arts, sciences, industry, and commerce, and by compelling multitudes of families to abandon the kingdom; by instigating the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors; and by immolating on its flaming shambles more than three hundred thousand victims!'—Llorente.

an additional incentive to exertion and inquiry, and we, therefore, hail with sincere pleasure the publication of the work which we are now about to notice.

The author, from whose works the present is abridged and translated, having been secretary of the inquisition; and having, at the period of its temporary suppression, through the instrumentality of Napoleon, had all the archives placed at his disposal, is qualified to unlock the secrets of this infernal prison-house, more perfectly than has been done by any former historian. He has given to the world 'a true code of the secret laws by which the interior of the inquisition was governed, of those laws which were veiled by mystery from all mankind,' excepting the favoured few to whom was intrusted the management of a tribunal which the author is well warranted in pronouncing 'vicious in principle, in its constitution, and in its laws.'

We have alluded to the peculiar advantages under which the present work has been undertaken and produced; and a slight glance at previous attempts of a similar description, will convince our readers of the extent and superiority of those advantages. The histories of M. Lavallé and of Philip Limborch, though written by men of veracity, have perpetuated many errors, in consequence of their ignorance of the method of conducting an inquisitorial trial; whilst the limited details in Eymerick, Paramo, Pegna, Carena, and other inquisitors, yield but a small and very unsatisfactory portion of information. On the other hand, we have now, in the works of Llorente, a full and apparently correct account of the origin, establishment, and progress of this terrific tribunal.

With regard to the execution of the abridgment and translation, the compiler states, that he 'has only attempted to give a free and condensed translation of a complex and voluminous history, with the hope that it might prove of more utility in its present form than in the original works.' His task appears to us to be performed with skill and judgment, and we entertain a perfect assurance of the great services which the publication of his labours will render to the cause of reason and humanity. He has industriously sought to interest and instruct the general reader; and though much of the volume may appear dry and unattractive to those who have heretofore derived their knowledge of the inquisitions from effusions of romance and fiction, we agree with him, that 'the curious will be amply gratified by the perusal of the history of the secret tribunal; the man of leisure cannot fail in finding occupation and amusement in the pages of Llorente; and the philosopher will discover in them ample scope for reflection on the aberrations of human reason, and on the capability of our nature, when under the influence of fanaticism, to inflict, with systematic indifference, death, torture, misery, anxiety, and infamy, on the guilty and the innocent.'

If it be undeniable that 'all the records of the fantastic cruelties of the heathen world do not afford so appalling a picture of human weakness and depravity as the authentic

and genuine documents of the laws and proceedings of *this holy office*,' how lamentable a proof of the existence of the old spirit of fanaticism and intolerance, and, at the same time, how amusing a piece of self-betrayal is the fact that we have, even in London, Catholics, who affirm that the inquisition was useful in Spain, to preserve the Catholic faith, and that 'a similar establishment would have been useful in France.'—How gratifying to these liberal and humane spirits must be the proceedings of the French Charles, the Spanish Ferdinand, and the other amiable monarchs of the Continent!—With what unfeigned satisfaction must they gloat over the subsequent delicious piece of information!

The following fact shows that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada. * * * * was present when the inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the orders of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which he was: some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the nature of the crime of which he was accused.

One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be death by the *pendulum*. The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows:—the condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer: at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on, until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the holy office in its mercy ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or ensuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the Secret Tribunal, A. D. 1820!!!

The present history traces this monstrous birth of the thirteenth century, down to the reign of Ferdinand VII., illustrates, in many important particulars, the trials of Don Carlos of Austria, Prince of the Asturias; of Don Bartholomew Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo; and of Anthony Perez, the first minister and secretary of Philip II.; it also explains and establishes the truth of that which concerns the Emperor Charles V.; Jean of Albert, Queen of Navarre; Henry IV., King of France, her son, of Margaret of Bourbon, the sovereign Duchess of Bar, her daughter, and of many other royal and princely personages, against whom inquisitorial vengeance was directed. It contains details of the trials of bishops and learned men, among whom were many of the members of the council of Trent, who were suspected of entertaining or favouring the Lutheran doctrines, and of the persecution of philosophers, who were imprudent enough to manifest their dislike of superstition and fanaticism. The inquisitorial laws or instructions were at first divided into twenty-eight articles, declaratory

of the most arbitrary power, of which the work gives a luminous abridgment.

At the convocation of the Cortes at Tarazona, it was decreed by Ferdinand V. and Isabella, Queen of Castile, that the ancient tribunal of the inquisition should be reformed and extended.

After this resolution, Torquemada named Gaspard Juglar, a dominican, and Peter Arbuès d'Epila, as inquisitors for the Archbishopric of Saragossa. A royal ordinance commanded all the authorities to aid and assist them in their office, and the magistrate known by the name of Chief Justice of Arragon, took the oath with several others. This circumstance did not prevent the resistance which the Arragonese opposed to the tribunal; on the contrary, it augmented, and rose to such a height, that it might have been termed national.

The principal persons employed in the court of Arragon were descended from New Christians; among these were Louis Gonzalez, the royal secretary for the affairs of the kingdom; Philip de Clemente, prothonotary; Alphonso de la Caballeria, vice-chancellor; and Gabriel Sanchez, grand treasurer, who were all descended from Jews condemned, in their time, by the inquisition. These men, and many others employed in the court, had allied themselves to the principal grandees in the kingdom, and used the influence which they derived from this circumstance, to engage the representatives of the nation to appeal to the pope and the king, against the inquisitorial code. Commissioners were sent to Rome and the court of Spain, to demand the suspension of the articles relating to confiscation, as contrary to the laws of the kingdom of Arragon. They were persuaded that the inquisition would not maintain itself if this measure was abandoned. While the deputies of the Cortes of Arragon were at Rome, and with the king, the inquisitors condemned several New Christians as Judaic heretics. These executions increased the irritation of the Arragonese; and when the deputies wrote from the court of Spain, that they were not satisfied with the state of affairs, they resolved to sacrifice one or two of the inquisitors, with the hope that no one would dare to take the office, and that the king would renounce his design. The project of assassination having been approved by the conspirators, a voluntary contribution was raised among all the Arragonese of the Jewish race; and it was proved by the trials of Sancho de Paternoy and others, that Don Blasco d'Alagon received ten thousand reals, which were destined to reward the assassins of the inquisitor Arbuès. John de la Abadia, a noble of Arragon, but descended from Jewish ancestors on the female side, took upon himself the direction of the enterprise. The assassination was confided to John d'Esperaindeo, to Vidal d'Uranso, his servant, to Matthew Ram, Tristande de Leonis, Anthony Gran, and Bernard Leofante. They failed several times in their attempts, as Peter Arbuès, being informed of their design, took the necessary precautions to secure his life.

It appears, from the examination of some of the murderers, that the inquisitor wore a

coat of mail under his vest, and a kind of helmet covered with a cap. He was at last assassinated in the metropolitan church during the performance of the matins, on the 15th of November, 1485. Vidal d'Uranso wounded him so severely in the back of the neck, that he died two days after. The next day the murder was known in the town, but its effects were different from what had been expected, for all the Old Christians, or those who were not of Jewish origin, persuaded that the New Christians had committed the crime, assembled to pursue them and revenge the death of the inquisitor. The disturbance was violent, and its consequences would have been terrible, if the young archbishop, Don Alphonso of Arragon, had not shown himself, and assured the multitude that the criminal should be punished. Policy inspired Ferdinand and Isabella with the idea of honouring the memory of Arbuès with a solemnity which contributed to make him pass for a saint, and caused a particular worship to be addressed to him. This took place long after, when Pope Alexander VII. had beatified him as a martyr, in 1664. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory, by Ferdinand and Isabella. While the sovereigns were occupied in honouring the remains of Peter Arbuès, the inquisitors of Saragossa were labouring without ceasing to discover the authors and accomplices of his murder, and to punish them as Judaic heretics and enemies to the holy office. It would be difficult to enumerate the number of families plunged into misery through their vengeance; two hundred victims were soon sacrificed. Vidal d'Uranso, one of the assassins, revealed all he knew of the conspiracy, which was the cause of the discovery of its authors. There was scarcely a single family in the three first orders of nobility, which was not disgraced by having at least one of its members in the *auto da fé*, wearing the habit of a penitent.

'All the other provinces of Arragon made an equal resistance to the introduction of the new inquisition. The seditions at Teruel were only quelled in 1485, by extreme severity. The town and bishopric of Lerida, and other towns in Catalonia, obstinately resisted the establishment of the reform, and were not reduced to obedience until 1487. Barcelona refused to acknowledge Torquemada or any of his delegates, on account of a privilege which it possessed of having an inquisitor with a special title. The king applied to the pope, who instituted Torquemada special inquisitor of the town and bishopric of Barcelona, with the power of appointing others to the office. The king was obliged to employ the same method with the inhabitants of Majorca and those of Sardinia, who did not receive the inquisition until 1490 and 1492. It is an incontestable fact, in the history of the Spanish Inquisition, that it was introduced entirely against the consent of the provinces, and only by the influence of the Dominican monks.'

Humbug!!! a Poem. By WILLIAM ELLIOTT. 12mo. pp. 100. London, 1826. Rowe and Waller.

HUMBUG! we exclaimed, whilst glancing at the title-page. Humbug, with three notes of admiration after it. We were somewhat startled, by finding this Humbug written by the author of the Nun, a poem, which was reviewed in the 384th number of our journal; we presume the captain found the Nun was humbug, and our prophesy correct. Humbug is a good theme, and one capable of severe satire. To lash well the follies of the age, requires much discrimination and appropriate talent, and, in this era of cant, if the exposure of Humbug be well done, the thanks of the public are due to the individual who employs his powers in so meritorious a manner. Surely this mania of deception has increased with our growth and strengthened with our years, and if ever it required the scourge of the satirist to castigate its follies, the present must certainly be the proper time. Church and state, high and low, rich and poor, talented and untalented, all are impregnated with this epidemic, and the disease, we fear, will still rage, maugre Captain Elliott, the physician. But be it known that this physician is no quack, and his Humbug is worth fifty *nuns* ranged all of a row, in a conventual cloister; nay, more, in this satire, we find much of terseness and antithetical strength, combined with a poetical feeling, which, in his former work, we looked for in vain. There are one or two egotistical passages which might have been omitted, with advantage to the rest; but, in administering a remedy to a patient, the practitioner, if the disorder be contagious, will often feel the effects of that he came to vanquish, and a little humbug amid the pages of Humbug, judged by this rule, is not to be wondered at. But certes, we must stop, or our immaculate selves may incur a similar imputation.

Now, then, for an extract. The following is severe on a theme requiring severity. Captain Elliott is determined not to be misunderstood, and has, in consequence, avoided delicate obscurities:—

'Fortune! thou art no goddess: it is we
Who clothe thee in thy robes of deity.
By man and folly thou, from mortals driven,
Tak'st up thy rest with majesty in Heaven.

When injured husbands mourn their offspring's
shame,

Not thee, but fashion, the fond fools should
blame;

When ruined spendthrifts weep past splendour
o'er,

They should their own, and not thy whims de-
plore;

For self-created is, in either case,
The rake's destruction, and the wife's dis-
grace.

Had she to love been, ere to marry taught,
The wife had never fallen ev'n in thought;
Or had the boy to Wisdom's fount been led
By the stern shadows of the beckoning dead,
Prudence had learnt like Mentor to restrain,
And all Calypso's wiles had lured in vain.

'While Gallia's beauties hid their cloistered
charms,

With art that tempts, with modesty that warms,

Through crowded rooms ours moved, in artful
light,
And blessed with native innocence the sight,
In light propitious to the female face,
Where sensual lamps displayed each timid
grace.

When well-bred insolence drew smiling near,
And whispered welcome nothings in her ear,
The maiden turned,—and, with discreet reply,
Hid every feeling but her sympathy.
For though her blushes, mantling at her will,
Discovered modesty with woman's skill,
Her bosom, swelling to a veiny hue,
Like Spartan virgins bounding full in view,
Caught the voluptuous gaze, to prove, no doubt,
'Twas chaste to be uncovered at a rout.

But this once English costume is gone by,
Now foreign robes restrain the longing eye.
'Tis well; the muse admires this better taste;
Such touchless globes of beauty, should not
waste

Their perfumed loveliness "on desert air,"
Nor maids expose to all, what none would share:
These fettering zones ten thousand passions
raise,

'Tis greater bliss to fancy than to gaze:
Though Heaven forbid, that as the fig-leaf-tire
Became the "ton" coeval with desire,
The tree of knowledge, raised in milder skies,
Which hides the matron's breast, should ope
the virgin's eyes.

'But be it Paphia's zone, or Dian's vest,
On minor themes my muse forbears to rest;
The virgin's heart she most would strive to
save,

For this derision's sneer would fearless brave.
In vain the maiden hears religion read,
In vain polemic zeal distracts her head;
In vain the muse of Shakspeare, rendered chaste,
Exalts her mind, and forms her dawning taste;
In vain are Moore and Byron sent away,
With each old novel and indecent play;
In vain are Locke and Bacon dressed in red,
And tracts and sermons in profusion spread;
In vain is Doddridge gilt, and Paley found
A writer really worthy to be bound;
In vain she studies even Hannah More—
One fatal error poisons to the core!

For gain or title she is taught to wed,
And, for a splendid prostitution bred,
She coldly lolls upon the marriage bed;
With common perjury her vows are given;
And Mammon, worshipped in the face of Hea-
ven,

Delighted sees his charming victim kneel,
With latent passion she must sin to feel;
Till some loved rake the slumbering flame ex-
cites,

And dreams of feeling damn the blissless nights;
Then all the virtue of the erring bride
Is shown to be most wonderful—till tried;
Its boast expired, her fall remains to prove
Weak are all bars to nature, and to love.'

The satirist further proceeds, and, *en pas-
sant*, gives a blow to the priests and a hit at
the Catholic emancipators. We subjoin the
stanzas illustrative of this attack:—

'There are who talk of liberal views; and prate
Of partial government and tyrant state.
Most virtuous whigs, and radicals who bark
At any stir, like puppies in the dark.
All these with sympathising sorrow see
The hapless papist's badge of slavery;
This they'd remove; and keeping out of sight
The obvious danger, dwell on abstract right:
As to the abstract right, no doubt could rest,
In Luther's conscience, or in Calvin's breast;

Yet, granting this, we spurn no less the scheme
Of letting priests disturb our well-poised beam;
Priests who, with man's desires, themselves de-
prive

Of the old fashion'd privilege to wive;
Excluded thus from each domestic tie,
To live in martyrdom—or infamy.
All might be well, if from the Almighty's laws
Man had the power at will to blot a clause;
Could pray away propensities, and shun
Delights for which ev'n angels were undone;
But, bound by such privation's common curse,
In secret cells each devilish crime they nurse;
Whet Treason's jagged knife, drug Faction's
bowl,

Plot to command, and serve but to controul;
Their learning dazzling all, like Circe's feast,
Slanders our God, and changes man to beast,
Degrades the spirit, and corrupts the breast,
And hushes sinners to a fatal rest!
These priests are ever Freedom's greatest bane:
Doubt if you can, when looking back on Spain.
And will you still your patriot croakers praise?
Still laud this relic of degraded days?
Will you defend the fraud that bids the fair,
To such excluded hearts reveal each care,
Born in the young unbosoming of thought,
The glowing tale with love's first impulse
fraught?

As if Heaven's eye tyrannically blamed
The feeling, its omniscient will had framed;
As if its mandate bade our souls confess
All nature cherished in the heart's recess?
All that we fain would hide with fondest care,
To warm enjoyment, or increase despair?
What, would you aid the creed that deems all
this

A needful passport to eternal bliss?
That bids the blushing wife with downcast eye
Disclose the bliss of some illicit sigh?
While the lewd priest her amorous tale enjoys,
And gloats upon the breast that love destroys;
Till warmed to pity, he cannot refrain
To shrive her soul,—if she but sin again.'

Nor is the Greek Committee's late juggle
passed over in silence; the hallowed
name of Byron is invoked, and a spirited ap-
peal to Mr. Canning follows:—

'Yes! rest thee, Byron, in thy English grave:
The British frigates plough the Hellic wave;
The self-raised guardians of the Grecian isles
O'erthrow with vengeance, or betray with smiles.
The Suliot, driven to his native sea,
May ride the wave, but there he is not free.

'And art thou hushed, first mind of England,
thou,

With classic honours fresh upon thy brow?
Whose genius, silently but firmly, sways
The nation's spirit to the nation's praise:
Say, art thou silent, Canning, art thou still,
With power to save, and yet without the will?
And seest thou perish Pelops' hallowed race,
While Cleons aid the cause they must disgrace?
Then Greece indeed is fallen! since he can gaze,
He, who has lived through all her former days,
And, without moving in her cause, can see
Her sons and maidens borne to slavery;
While demagogues defend, with fatal zeal,
The cause their wants, not their affections feel;
And sage committees or their servants prove,
By fleecing England, how the Greeks they love,
Like to the dragon, Typhon born—they hold
With sleepless zeal, the much too-needed gold;
Like him they guard the golden fruit, and raise
Their many voices in their proper praise;
Although their conduct the conviction spreads,
Less wit than fraud informs their hundred heads.'

Colonel Stanhope is thus described in a
powerful couplet:—

'The scribbling colonel who supports the cause
By maudlin eloquence on distant wars.'

We are fearful there is much truth in this.
There is a pathetic episode, founded on
the death of Ellen Briggs, whose last mo-
ments were so charitably attended and
soothed by another unfortunate, Elizabeth
Wetherall; the daily prints, by commenda-
tion, and the admiring public, by voluntary
contributions, have shown their sense of this
Christian-like deed.

There are many living characters who have
their share of obloquy, and others, who re-
ceive the meed of praise from the author of
Humbug. We confess ourselves astonished
at the ability displayed by Mr. Elliott in this
poem. For true thought, happy ridicule,
and stern contempt and exposure, Humbug
is properly and highly distinguished.

*An Appeal in Behalf of the Views of the Eter-
nal World and State, &c. Addressed to the
Reflecting of all Denominations.* By SA-
MUEL NOBLE, Minister of Hanover-Street
Chapel, London. 12mo. pp. 578. Lon-
don, 1826. Hodson.

*A Sermon, Occasioned by the Decease of the
Rev. Joseph Proud, &c.* By the Rev. ED-
WARD MADELEY, Jun. Same publisher.

THOUGH we may not entirely agree with the
opinion of the late Rev. Mr. Proud, as stated
in the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Madeley, that
'the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church
are the most scriptural, the most rational, the
most consolatory, the most to be prized, of
any that were ever published to the world!'
we are willing to admit that those doctrines
have very earnest, and, apparently, very sin-
cere advocates. Among the teachers of this
remarkable sect, the *poetry* of whose notions
is occasionally truly beautiful, the late Mr.
Proud appears to have occupied a most con-
spicuous station. We can give no specimen
of his talent either as orator or writer; but to
his *industry*, in both capacities, Mr. Madeley
thus bears testimony:—

'During his ministry he has preached not
less than seven thousand discourses, three
thousand of which have been written. He
has published at different times, and on va-
rious occasions, about ninety sermons and
lectures, either separately or in volumes, all
in harmony with the doctrines of the new
church. His much admired volume of hymns
passed through five editions; besides which,
he has printed thirteen other works, large
and small, together with many fugitive pieces
and occasional papers in periodical publi-
cations. He has left behind him in manu-
script, as he himself informed me, a short
time ago, as much prose and poetry, (includ-
ing his sermons,) as would compose near
three hundred volumes of an ordinary size,
exclusively on moral and religious subjects;
and besides this, he maintained an extensive
correspondence with his friends.

'Amid such multiplied and important avo-
cations did the life of our deceased brother
pass away. Though he cannot be ranked
among authors of the first literary attain-

ments, yet his abilities, as a writer, were re-
spectable: as a public speaker, he was truly
eloquent—if the applicability of that term is
to be estimated from the extraordinary effect
his delivery frequently produced. He was
constantly heard with the most profound at-
tention, and always with delight.'

Of Mr. Noble we have formerly had occa-
sion to speak*; and though his present vo-
lume does not, perhaps, possess so much ge-
neral attraction as that in which he 'asserted
the plenary inspiration of the scriptures,' it
is, nevertheless, distinguished by the same
forcible and argumentative style, and by the
same learned and liberal mode of inquiring
into subjects which too rarely meet with such
expositors.

To those who may feel inclined to become
acquainted with the *peculiar* ideas of a reli-
gious body which has recently drawn no
small portion of attention to itself, we recom-
mend a perusal of Mr. Noble's Appeal. It
contains much interesting matter, among
which will be found anecdotes of the late
Emanuel Swedenborg—*proofs* of his inter-
course with the world of spirits,—in the
course of which we find him stating of an
old friend, that 'he is not now in Heaven,
but is coming round, and in a good way to do
well;' and many similar statements, facts,
and illustrations, all equally interesting to
the theological student. Among these is a
quotation from M. Dieudonné Thiebault, a
French *savant* of the school of Voltaire, and
professor of belles lettres in the Royal Aca-
demy of Berlin, who relates a conversation
which he had with Louisa Ulrica, wife of
King Adolphus Frederic, and sister of the
celebrated Frederic of Prussia:—

'I know not on what occasion it was, that,
conversing one day with the queen on the
subject of the celebrated visionary, Sweden-
borg, we (the members of the academy,) ex-
pressed a desire, particularly M. Merian and
myself, to know what opinion was enter-
tained of him in Sweden. I on my part re-
lated what had been told me respecting him
by Chamberlain d'Hamon, who was still
alive, and who had been ambassador from
Prussia both to Holland and France. It
was, "that his brother-in-law, (the Count de
Marteville,) ambassador from Holland to
Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shop-
keeper demanded of his widow the payment
of a bill for some articles of drapery, which
she remembered had been paid in her hus-
band's life-time: that the widow, not being
able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, had
been advised to consult with Swedenborg,
who, she was told, could converse with the
dead whenever he pleased; that she accord-
ingly adopted this advice, though she did so
less from credulity than curiosity; and at
the end of a few days Swedenborg informed
her, that her deceased husband had taken
the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on
such a day, at such an hour, as he was read-
ing such an article in Bayle's Dictionary in
his cabinet; and that his attention being
called immediately afterwards to some other
concern, he had put the receipt into the book

* See *The Literary Chronicle*, No. 294.

to mark the place at which he left off; where in fact it was found, at the page described." The queen replied, that though she was but little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she nevertheless had been willing to put the power of M. Swedenborg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof: that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and it was one of those that had most excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it; but that M. Swedenborg having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside, and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the prince royal of Prussia, what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the court of Stockholm. She added, that what she had said was of a nature to render it impossible that the prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips: that, some days after, Swedenborg returned, when she was seated at cards, and requested she would grant him a private audience; to which she replied, he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but Swedenborg assured her he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses: that in consequence of this intimation, the queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. de Schwerin, (who also was present when she related the story to us,) to accompany her: that they accordingly went together into another apartment, where she posted M. de Schwerin at the door, and advanced towards the farthest extremity of it with Swedenborg; who said to her,—"You took, madam, your last leave of the prince of Prussia, your late august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day, and at such an hour of the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery, in the castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again; he then took you by the hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words: —" The queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added, that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced: and she called on M. de Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said; who, in his laconic style, contented himself with saying, "All you have said, madam, is perfectly true—at least as far as I am concerned." "I ought to add," M. Thiebault continues, "that though the queen laid great stress on the truth of her recital, she professed herself at the same time incredulous to Swedenborg's supposed conferences with the dead. "A thousand events," said she, "appear inexplicable and supernatural to us, who know only the immediate consequences of them; and men of quick parts, who are never so well pleased as when they exhibit something wonderful, take an advantage of this to gain an extraordinary reputation. M. Swedenborg was a man of learning, and of some talent in this way; but I cannot imagine by what means he obtained the knowledge of

what had been communicated to no one. However, I have no faith in his having had a conference with my brother."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

SPECIMENS OF ITALIAN POETRY.

NO. II.—FILICAÏJA.

WE concluded our last notice of Filicaija with a brief sketch of the political history of Italy during the times which immediately preceded his poetical appearance. We shall now endeavour to point out, as concisely as possible, in what manner his talent was likely to be affected by such a constitution as that under which he lived.

It needs very little experience in the history of nations, and very little observation to discover, that the mental energy of a people is always proportioned to the vigour or relaxation of their constitutional government. The proof of this is, that those periods, which in each country are pointed out as the Augustan ages of literature, will always be found to tally with the periods when the government of those countries had arrived at their highest pitch of energy and perfection. But when that constitution, either from the weakness or wickedness of those by whom it is directed, becomes relaxed beyond its bearings, or screwed up to tyranny, the people universally become a nation of profligates or a nation of slaves, or, it may be, both. Then comes, with littleness of mind, a littleness in literature. Strength of thought, power of intellect, daring flights of imagination, and all the other attributes of real poetry, give place to false taste, quibbling, conceits, overstrained metaphor, cold images, want of passion and feeling, adulation, meanness, and cold-blooded milk-and-water whinings. This, too, is the exact character of the works ushered into the world by the Seicentisti, a race of poets whom Filicaija immediately succeeded, and of whose style he may justly be denominated the subverter.

In that consists his chief merit. From his appearance in the poetical world may be dated a new era in Italian poetry. Instead of aping the absurd fashion of the Seicentisti, (a fashion which then was the taste of Italy,) Filicaija showed that he had a true knowledge of the legitimate sources of poetry. When all the country was mad after pastorals, and such twaddle as sonnets on ladies' eye-brows, &c. &c., he had the mind to stem the torrent of popular fashion, and to seek for poetical subjects in the historical events of his day. He sought a field which gave him scope for the expression of strong feeling, powerful thought, and nervous language; and had he lived in better times, would, without doubt, have been one of the first poets of his country. As it is, we regard him more, as one who was the first to turn aside from a false taste, and to lead the path to a better. He was one whose execution equalled his conception. His works indeed abound with conceits, far-fetched images, false metaphor, and an accumulation of pompous words, which only burden and obscure, instead of strengthening or elucidating his sentiments. His sonnets too often turn upon a quibble,

or some little conceit, instead of a fine and noble sentiment or reflection. And his odes, for the most part, rather afford a specimen of dithyrambic poetry run mad, than the bold and daring imagery of the lyric muse. There are, however, moments when Filicaija evinces himself a real poet; when he seems to forget that there is any other writer in the world besides himself, or any prevailing taste or fashion to be bowed to. These are the moments when he depends entirely upon the resources of his own mind; and then, and then only, he is truly great. Such was the impulse which dictated the famous sonnet, commencing, 'Italia! O Italia!' which is well known to English readers from being paraphrased in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*; that on the earthquakes in Sicily, and the Address to Providence, both of which have been already translated into our language; and which are, perhaps, as fine sonnets as can be selected from the literature of any country. We shall now extract one of the sonnets, which is not certainly equal in merit to those we have just enumerated, but has the advantage of being less known, and affords a tolerable specimen of Filicaija's general style:—

'ON THE LOSS OF LIBERTY.

'Sweet liberty! O grant me back the day
When I was foremost in thy happy train;
Or, since I've lost thy smiles, O tear away
From these fond eyes, those charms I court
in vain.
If that I love thee, sweetest liberty!
The gods do know, the vallies, hills, and
skies,
The mighty ocean, with my tears swoln high,
And this vast air, that echoes to my cries.
But if thou deemst me worthy of thy hate,
Since first I bowed a slave to high estate,
Quick be thy vengeance, or thy looks less fair.
The Heav'ns are angry—but the stars are dull,
Nor see I ought of light or beauty there—
Thou in thy wrath art still more beautiful.'

The conception of this sonnet is good, but it is blemished by the cold conceit of the third and fourth couplets. It is in this way that many of Filicaija's best pieces are spoiled. Living so near the age of corruption and bad taste, he could not escape from imbibing somewhat of the errors of his time.

We shall now conclude by translating a few stanzas from one of his odes, all of which are too long to be inserted entire. It is addressed to the King of Poland:—

'E'en now before the dreaded gleam
That flashes from thy victor blade,
The Turkish crest grows dim and pale—
On! on! I see their ranks dismay'd;
I see the blood-red rivers stream,
I see thy mighty arm prevail,
And deal destruction o'er the foe,
So keen thine edge, so sure thy blow.
They faint—they yield—see! see! they fly—
Beneath thy feet their colours lie,
And on thy helm sits victory—
Hence my voice shall hymn thy name,
The mighty conqueror who came,
And fought, and conquer'd—praise to thee—
Thou fought'st for God, and God for thee!
'Be thine the praise, if from that breast
Whence flows the milk of life, the child
Hath not drained drops of blood;—
And thine the praise, if undefil'd

Our daughters and our wives have stood,
From fear and barbarous lust at rest.
Through the Aleto's brand of woe,
Far, far away from hence shall glow;
Through thee their silken bonds divine
Meek Peace and Justice shall entwine,
And Hope, that Hope we deemed dead,
Again shall raise his golden head,
Whilst blithe and fearless in his native land
In peace, and joy, and pride, the rustic swain
shall stand.

'The time shall come, in ages yet remote,
If that my mind misgives not, when the sire
Will call his young ones round, and bid them
note

This plain, that shook with hostile ire,
When on the foe thy vengeance fell,
So sure it came, so true, so well:
Here, will he say, the victor's host was spread,
There was the warrior king, and there he led
The charge, attack'd, repuls'd, and broke
Th' embattled line, whilst hill and plain
Swam deep in blood, a purple rain;
And here he sheath'd his sword, and stay'd
the stroke
Of death and vengeance o'er the land
Which shrunk beneath his red right hand.

H. L.

INTERNATIONAL DRAMA.

(Concluded from p. 669)

LET us here offer a few cursory remarks upon the 'unities,' that stumbling-block of dissension among critics.

Reason and experience of the human heart teach us, that to captivate the attention of men, and consequently to interest them, we must avoid leading their judgment from one thing to another, but attach it to a single circumstance, fix it to it, and, by this unity of object, enchain, as it were, its natural inconstancy. The principle of unity of interest is the direct consequence of this observation. But critics of every party admit the indispensable necessity of this first unity, and the greater number confess even that it carries with it the necessity of unity of action. How, in fact, is it possible to obtain a single fixed interest, if you do not concentrate the attention of the spectator upon a single picture? If the action with which you begin your drama differs from that which concludes it, not only will you lead the audience from scene to scene without fixing them upon any one, but you will risk confusing their memories.

A more serious difficulty presents itself with respect to that which is denominated 'unity of time.' The real duration of a play is from two to three hours; absolute exactitude requires a similar duration of action; and we have tragedies which in fact do not exceed that period. But the difficulty, and even impossibility, of the poet's always thus confining himself, has rendered some concession necessary. An effort of genius is required of the audience; it has been thought their imaginations could multiply the hours; these concessions have, however, always been made with prudence; and, fearful of abusing the complaisance of the spectators, the Greeks limited the duration of action to one course of the sun.

Hence arose this rule of 'unity of time,' which is founded upon probability, calculated according to the positive duration of the piece,

and which our first tragic poets admitted to the very letter. Their successors have been less particular; and the English, Spaniards, and Germans, have absolutely abolished a rule which they considered a mere clog. But I would ask—Can a drama, in which every part ought to be regular and connected, and which is necessarily limited in its extent—can it occupy whole years, without engendering an infinity of details, or presenting numerous 'lacunes?' will not your action, spread over so immense a surface, be, as it were, disjointed? will it not want precision? in short, do you not risk losing yourself in so open, so wide a field? Is it not more conformable to art to connect the various incidents in a single group, and to contract the picture, to render it more striking and animated?

But if critics disagree on the subject of 'unity of time,' how much louder are their clamours against 'unity of place!' The necessity of keeping the action in a single place appears tyrannical, contrary to sound sense, to truth, and incompatible with tragic effect. Nevertheless, this principle of the 'unity of place' is the expression of a fact; 'Is not your stage always the same during the whole representation, and do not the spectators occupy the same spot from the beginning to the end? A drama where the place of action does not change, is therefore the one that offers the exactest image of truth.' It will be said in reply, that if the spectators remain in the same place, the scene may change, not in reality, but in appearance, by means of the decorations. But each of these changes, which revolts against the exactitude of truth, and which requires an effort of imagination on the part of the audience, is derogatory to the rules of probability. It is useless to imagine how spectators can admit the illusion; do what you will, every time the machinist substitutes one scene for another, the audience will say, 'We are not in Rome or in Corinth, but in a theatre.'

Confess, therefore, though you reject 'unity of place' as a positive rule, that it is at least an additional step towards perfection in the dramatic art, and that the tragedy where it is observed is superior to the one where it is neglected, because it is more in unison with the intention of the art, and with interest which is more or less powerful according to the degrees of probability. If, however, you chose to transport the action from one place to another, remember, it is a license which is only justified by the beauties it produces. The changing of the scenery puts a momentary stop to the illusion, and the author is bound to make amends for it to the spectator.

Some modern critics have expressed a most anxious wish for the dramatic poet to choose his subjects in the history of his own country—to paint national manners, and entertain the spectators with their own annals—with the crimes and virtues of their forefathers. In this way the theatre would become a means of national education—a political institution; and they found this doctrine on the example of the Greeks. We do not pretend to deny either the glitter or plausibility of this system: it is the application of a theory that

often demonstrates the absurdity of it; and what is here proposed is without example among the moderns. The principal apostles of the new schools have, in fact, drawn their subjects from antiquity. Shakspeare wrote Coriolanus, Cleopatra, Troilus and Cressida, and Julius Cæsar. Alfieri chose the greater part of his subjects from ancient history and mythology; Goëthe wrote Iphigenia; and Schiller himself, the poet, 'par excellence,' of the middle age, translated Racine's Phædre.

But what an immense loss would accrue, from abandoning subjects of antiquity! We derived all the arts and *chefs-d'œuvres* from the Greeks and Romans; and the history of those two countries, their mythology, and the works of their poets, have served as foundation-stones to our education. The Greeks and Romans have, as it were, become our countrymen. Is it, therefore, surprising, that modern poets should have selected subjects out of histories that live in every memory, and have so completely extinguished all the nursery-tales and trash that were foisted upon us as our real national sentiments.

As every nation is not equally worthy the pen of the historian, so all histories do not furnish subjects for tragedy. What, in fact, does the middle age produce, but continual struggles for interest devoid of majesty, ignoble crimes, wretches divested of originality, cast all in the same mould—a scene of confusion, fraught with the savage cruelty of tyrants, and the contemptible ignorance of slaves! Is it possible to compose tragedies possessing the least interest from annals which we cannot read, and which disgust leaves to moulder on the library-shelf.

It must be admitted grand social institutions alone form great characters and great nations. A body where the people is looked upon with indifference is undeserving historical notice. There is no profit for the heart or mind but in the histories of those nations that have been free. What infinite resources do not such nations present to the dramatic poet? Thence is explained the constant success of subjects chosen from the republics of Greece and Rome. They are not automata, but living men, who fill the theatres. Perform tragedies where the people's interest is debated, where the people are constantly spoken of, and the audience will melt with feelings of sympathy, and cover you with their applause.

Modern history offers no real subjects for tragedy, but in certain incidents that have had a political influence in the fate of nations—in certain acts of devotedness whose object was the national welfare.

Those critics who discard all subjects from antiquity, propose, in order to complete the application of their doctrine, to treat modern events precisely as history furnishes them. The pictures our annals present are oftentimes ignoble and repulsive. 'No matter,' say they to the dramatic poet; 'represent them as they are; give them in all their native truth; hesitate not to introduce upon the stage personages contemptibly vicious, the most despicable characters, and the most atrocious crimes;—nay more, to present a faithful image of the times you have chosen,

ORIGINAL.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, &c.

intermingle comedy and tragedy, place the vassal beside his lord, the buffoon beside the prince—your picture will be the more striking. Yes, in truth such a confusion would indeed recal the middle age. But to be faithful does not suffice—our interest must be excited, and characters that create nothing but disgust in history, will invariably fail in this point; and the strictly natural, divested of every idealism, will become as disgusting as the reality itself.

We would ask—Does not this melange of the tragic and comic destroy the unity of interest? This unity does not result alone from unity of action, but from unity of expression. If you make me laugh and cry alternately, I shall neither be completely amused nor affected,—one sensation will destroy the other. And if this (in our opinion) overwhelming observation be not sufficient to banish so hideous a melange, what an infinity of other arguments might be brought forward! What is the intention of art, unless it be to produce the 'beau' in every thing? What would you say of an architect who should propose to diminish the proportions of the Grecian column!—of a painter who should falsify history?—of a sculptor who, being charged to design the statue of a man, should take for his model one deformed by nature, and should copy him with undeviating fidelity? Such an architect, painter, and sculptor, would resemble the poet who should endeavour to give Melpomene the appearance of an undignified country wife.

One word upon the moral intention of the drama, and we shall conclude this article. The dramatic art had its origin in that necessity of emotion so natural to every being. But is the sole intention of this art merely to excite sensibility—to touch the softest fibres of the heart? Ought not the poet whose honest thoughts disdain control, to aim ever at the instruction of the audience? Do not the arts—invaluable effect of civilization—owe something, in their turn, to civilization? What would be thought of a nation where crowds of its citizens assembled only to witness representations whose end was both immoral and corruptive? The ancients, who elevated the character of the tragic poet to the dignity of the priesthood, who looked upon the theatre as a school of patriotism and morality, were far from imagining the stage would one day become a sink of corruption, or that a play would ever be represented without an evident design to improve the manners and embellish Virtue herself. This, however, is too often the case in modern productions, particularly among the Germans. The French stage sometimes, though fortunately not often, falls into the same error; but the public voice is never slow in testifying its indignation. A tendency to moral improvement is the necessary supplement to a dramatic poem.

The writer of the above able remarks in favour of the dramatic unities intimates a forthcoming comparison between the French and English stages. The sound judgment his arguments evince, induces us to look forward with great expectation to the completion of his promise.

This periodical has generally some amusing matter in the article entitled, *The Diary for the Month*, in which it exposes the humbug, slipslop, and *nuiseries* of the daily papers. Were we to judge of our nation from the complexion of many of the strange things which somehow or other, but most unaccountably, find their way into the newspapers, we might conclude that we were the most asinine people in the world, and that there is no quackery, however gross, which we cannot gulp down. Among other signs of the times, we may instance the practice of anticipatory criticism on books before they quit the press,—which must certainly be allowed to be a great improvement upon the old-fashioned way of deciding of their merits after they are read: it argues moreover a penetration that can never be sufficiently admired; and of course the opinions of critics so gifted may be relied on as implicitly as oracles.

Another no less remarkable feature in these diurnals is, the excessive interest with which they catch at the most meagre and insipid piece of information relative to actors. The London, speaking of a paragraph that recently appeared in a morning paper, wherein it was stated that Miss F. H. Kelly was making a tour on the Continent, and had *visited the tomb of Juliet* at Verona, and had *procured a dress at Milan*, corresponding to the costume of Juliet, as represented in a picture in the gallery there, adding, that this attention to her professional pursuits is highly creditable to the actress,—says that as far as regards her professional pursuits, she had been better employed in smelling the dips at our country theatres. We think so too; for what her visiting the tomb at Verona can possibly have to do with her studying the character of Juliet, is utterly beyond our comprehension. We should as soon think of telling a cook to study Daniel's Rural Sports, or going to see a coursing match, before dressing a hare. No one can object to Miss Kelly's visiting Juliet's tomb, any more than any other young lady, but it is certainly of no importance whatever to the public; nor in this age of travelling, when one thinks no more of making a trip to Rome or Moscow, than to Bath or Cheltenham, can we think it absolutely a miracle.—A Mr. Morrison, who calls himself an Hygeist, in plain English, a quack, very humorously advertises for a passport and safeguard from the King of the Netherlands, that he may proceed to Groningen, to cure the mortality that is raging there! Another gentleman advertises for lodgings where he may be accommodated with a patent water-closet, for his sole use—*risum teneatis*?—After remarking on the bad grammar which universally characterises the advertisements of school-masters, the London notices one of the rarest puffs from one of this fraternity that ever found its way into a newspaper. This the writer of the Diary, not inaptly terms the puff *vicarious*, for it seems that the advertising party does not want the pupil, but having a son educating by

a clergyman, and knowing that the latter has a few vacancies, he takes this extraordinary mode of expatiating on the merits of the pedagogue, and recommending his school. Then we have a most tremendous puff, or rather we should say a perfect hurricane of eulogium on a Master Grossmith, a young Roscius, who has been astounding his majesty's lieges at Portsmouth, and has so bewitched the writer of the paragraph that among his other astonishing qualities, he talks of the *profundity of his genius*.

The diarist animadverts—not at all too severely on the beastiality of the notorious Bull: 'the most obscene passage,' says he, 'that ever appeared in any newspaper,' and that is certainly asserting no trifle, a joke that could scarcely disgrace the conversation of a brothel, (I dare not transcribe it,) is in this day's John Bull. This publication, he it remembered, is supported almost exclusively by the parsons*. Some of the reverend gentlemen who have daughters may see the propriety of countermanding their subscription: others, I suppose, will explain the joke to their wives, and then hasten to their pulpits, to meditate in the intervals of prayer, on their Sunday's *bon bouche*! So much for the orthodoxy and piety of the Bull and his Bible; so much for the morality and good taste of the champions of the Church of England!! Who will dare to affirm, whatever be its creed, that the church is austere or illiberal, while it holds out such comfortable latitudinarianism in morals and practice? We have heard of a fanatic, who affirmed that he had brought himself to that comfortable state of mind as to believe that whatever he did, was pleasing in the sight of God; this seems to be the case with the Bull people. The diarist, however, agrees with the Bull respecting the affair between the Surrey magistrates and the proprietors of Vauxhall. 'The John Bull has an excellent squib on this subject, pleasant, and not wrong, a rare combination of merit with John.' Here we certainly differ from him *toto calo*, for the argument set up in favour of the debauchery, and riot so unblushingly practised at Vauxhall, may be urged in favour of any other flagrant breach of public decorum. From the days that Vauxhall has been Vauxhall, there has, it seems always been dancing, and other *et ceteras*. Why then should we attempt now to reform them? Admirable reasoning! Why, we ask, do we attempt to correct any abuses? Your son ruins himself at a gaming table:—what then other people's sons have done so before now; or your daughter elopes with your footman—so have other young ladies. Or you are swindled by some knave; or your wife runs you into debt; or a relation has blown out his brains? Well 'tis but the way of the world; there have been such doings in the times of our fathers, and wherefore should we affect to be one jot wiser or better than our sires, or why should we desire our children to be one whit more moral than ourselves? This, however, is a digression—*revenons a nos moutons*.—Speaking of the pro-

* The Bull always brings to our recollection that famous line, 'Bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos: *sic* is evidently Mrs. Ramsbottom.

jected improvements in Cleveland Row, by which it is intended to open a view into the Green Park, the diarist exclaims, 'At such a moment there is something repulsively profligate in this ardour of extravagance. While the country is ringing with distress, the metropolis is tricking out its ugly old face, and smartening itself up, and thinking of nothing but mending its looks, like some ancient haridan, who, tottering almost on the verge of dissolution, is rouging her cheeks, farding, plumping, and padding, and, as it were, setting her cap at Death.' Here, we think, the writer has suffered himself to be imposed upon by the metaphor he has adopted. It seems that, because the metropolis is old and ugly, it should therefore continue so: and, instead of embellishing it, and adopting a more ornamental style of building, we ought strenuously to set our faces against every improvement of the kind. We apprehend, too, that, after all, improvements of this nature form but a very small item in our public expenditure, while the sums thus laid out are productive of real and lasting benefit. If our metropolis be so very inferior in point of architectural embellishment to other European capitals, it is surely not such exceedingly bad policy to countenance whatever tends to its embellishment. We admit that the present is not exactly the time for increasing our expenses, yet we would rather see economy adopted in any other particular than this, and in those where the public would not be at all affected by any retrenchments. We wish, too, that this same spirit of improvement—and there certainly are indications of it—would extend itself to our opulent and patrician families, who, in town, are content to reside in houses whose exteriors are any thing but magnificent or elegant. It is rumoured, that on his return from the continent, the Duke of Devonshire intends to new-front his mansion in Piccadilly. This example will, we hope, be followed by others; and then the 'old haridan' may, in time, assume a more pleasing and alluring appearance; for in spite of the diarist's prophecy, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that she is actually upon her last legs.

OLD TOM: A SKETCH.

ON the banks of the N— River lives old Tom. Some few weeks back, I saw him after an absence of many years. He was changed, 'tis true, but time had not pressed so heavily upon him as I anticipated. Still the same open smile illumined his countenance; still the same expanse of brow, with the addition of a few more wrinkles; still the same athletic walk, barring a little lameness, which rheumatism, within these two last months, had inflicted on him; but, above all, still the same love of field sports is undiminished, as, when a boy of ten, he instructed me to point a gun, bait a hook, or handle a cricket bat. Tom is naturally taciturn—on many subjects he is dumb; and will listen with as calm a look as if he were changed to marble: but touch on his favourite pursuits, and, without any volubility, he will narrate such things as to a young sportsman would be worth fifty

lectures in any other science. I have listened—oh, how intently! to his interesting tales: the properties of a favourite dog have taught me to sigh for such another. The weight of a trout, remembered among the million, taken by Tom, from their watery homes, has caused me to linger an extra four hours by the stream's brink, in the hope to rival it; the bagging of birds, told with so calm an air, has made me expend more powder and shot, than possibly the birds, if I had killed them, were worth; and then—but I must be careful, though Tom is not. The nightly feats in the forest, in which more than one *hart of grease* has bounded his last, the romantic peril of fetching it, the hair-breadth 'scapes from the keepers, and the often open hostility between them,—why, Tom is a second Walter Scott in detail: not a single word is spoken in vain, and amid the attention so naturally elicited, I have often remarked a sort of triumphant expression on his countenance, chuckling with its pleasure. Oh, how my young heart hath bounded at his narrative, and I verily believed, that were my residence near a forest, I should, at one time, have turned poacher. Tom is no boaster, and never obtrudes his conversation, unless desired to give his opinion, which, if on field sports, is delivered with all the grace of a patriarch of sporting. How often, in the company of a reverend parent, have I enjoyed his histories; his talk is of verdant things and sylvan scenery, and his words seem fresh with rural health. There is something very pleasing in holding companionship with such a man; the dreams of other days are half realised in his presence; the remembrance of Lincoln-green clad foresters is recalled, whilst looking at Tom's quaintly-cut green coat; and the 'merrie' freaks of Sherwood's outlaw have been read by me with double gusto, after having spent the day with him. He is, as it were, a relic of the olden time, a thing set apart from fashionable and refined existence, and, in spite of my love of woman and her fascinating accomplishments, although I have experienced much rational delight in a drawing-room, I never felt more unalloyed pleasure than when seated with Tom in his cottage—his guns, fishing-nets, and rods, mole-traps and cross-bows, &c. around us, listening to one of his enchanting anecdotes, with a pitcher of his brown home-brewed on the shining oak table. Φ.

CATHOLICISM.

IF we would judge how far Catholicism is beneficial or otherwise, not from its doctrines, but its direct influence on society and morals, we have only to turn our eyes towards Italy, and there we shall find enough to convince us, that so far from its lending any aid to practical virtue and to the exercise of Christian duties, it is absolutely *demoralising*. The writer of an interesting article on the Women of Italy, in a late number of the London Magazine, exposes the profligacy of manners necessarily resulting from the celibacy of the priesthood, the various classes of ecclesiastics, and the younger brothers of noble families. It is a most singular anomaly—something absolutely repug-

nant to common sense, that while the church of Rome holds marriage to be a sacrament, nowhere is the nuptial tie less regarded, or more openly and generally broken than in Catholic countries. Nowhere does a more frightful degree of dissoluteness prevail among ecclesiastics of every denomination, than where they take a vow of chastity;—nowhere greater licentiousness and discord in families than where a holy spy is permitted to intrude under the title of a father-confessor;—nowhere greater impunity to vice and crime of every description, than in the very bosom of that church which professes to be the only true church of Christ, and which anathematizes all other creeds, and condemns all without its pale to eternal damnation.—Catholicism may be justly said to form a curious and awfully instructive chapter in the history of human nature. Professing a religion of meekness, it has shown itself most carnal and worldly-minded; professing a religion of good-will and charity, it has armed itself with the sword and fire-brand; professing a religion spiritual and undefiled, it has cherished the relics of Paganism, and befooled its followers with childish fables and mendacious miracles; and professing a religion of purity, its institutions seem as if expressly devised to spread a moral taint throughout the whole of society. In all churches there have ever been false shepherds and Judases, but in none such a system of sensuality and profligacy as in that of Rome. There may, doubtless, be many amiable and truly virtuous characters to be found even in the midst of all this iniquity; so there may among Pagans and infidels, and even among the sensual followers of Mahomet. The dissolute conduct of monks has been a fertile subject for the pen, even of Italian writers, from the days of Boccaccio: we might, however, charitably suppose that such disgusting laxity of morals had long ago ceased to prevail, but no; as the church of Rome is essentially the same, both in its doctrines and spirit, to this very hour, so are the manners of its priesthood equally impure. It has lost much of its temporal power, but in bigotry, in abject superstition, in revolting hypocrisy,—it is still the same. If the reader doubts this, let him turn to the well authenticated facts which Bishop Scipione Ricci has divulged; and he will then allow that we have not exaggerated. The picture there given of the interior of the Italian convents, exceeds almost all that the imagination can conceive of gross unbridled sensuality:—he will there find that these supposed retreats of penitence and prayer were styres of debauchery and impurity,—more foul and abominable than the worst of brothrels—inasmuch as they combined the most unhallowed lust with the most daring and blasphemous impiety!

Spread of the Reformation.—Nine Roman Catholics have publicly abjured the errors of popery in the church of Cavan. This makes forty-six persons, within the last three weeks, who have conformed to the established religion. Mr. Montague preached an admirable sermon on the occasion.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO JOHN LISTON,
THE MERRIEST OF MIMICS.(Translated from the Cambridge Prize Poem.
See *The Literary Chronicle*, p. 663.)

‘Eloquiumne oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ.’

O, thou, who with thy quaintest whim,
So oft hast made us all like him
The laughing seer* of yore;
While hearts and cheeks of grimmest bile
Unrolled their wrinkles to a smile;
And burst into a roar.

Who shall forbid his sides to shake?
Who shall forbid his cheeks to quake?
Whilst thou art on the stage?
Silent or speaking, that queer phiz
Can work its spell, thou mighty quizz,
Alike on youth or age.

What saidst thou? Nothing, as I live—
Then what, my drollest droll, can give
Our breasts such deep delight?

What, when thy voice emits no sound,
Makes pit and boxes titter round,
And galleries laugh outright?

That face—that face of thine may be
Well deemed the fount of drollery!

And if thy tongue were mute,
That eye would dart a better joke,
And shake our English hearts of oak,
Much more than if ten voices spoke,
And twice ten tongues to boot. H. L.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

THY lot must be a blessed lot!
Thy beauty and thy worth
Earth's sorrows dare not seek to blot,
—They scarce belong to earth.
The tempest may in fury sweep,
And many mourn its wrath,
But Peace unceasing watch shall keep,
Wherever winds thy path.
But those shall feel the misery,
Who on thy lovely face
Gaze with love's wild idolatry,
Yet there no love can trace;—
Who worthy thee in truth alone,
Too conscious all is vain,
Live on, hope's last faint sunbeam gone,
Yet memory still retain. DE —.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—‘We shall have a plot,’ Harley exclaimed on Tuesday night, as Sancho, (a bustling, impertinent, and intriguing valet,) in the new opera, called *The Two Houses of Grenada*: ‘We shall have a plot.’ Certes, we wish not to doubt the veracity of so honorable a gentleman, but in spite of our desire, ears, and eyes, we failed to discover this said plot.—‘Music hath charms,’ &c. the hackneyed quotation is known to every one, and we refrain from proceeding. Never did it achieve a greater triumph, than on the occasion above alluded to, for it made an audience somewhat contented with the most incongruous, stupid, ill-arranged, and disgraceful attempts at drama, which ever degraded a metropolitan theatre. We really cannot prophecy to what we shall arrive, but we presume plots will entirely be dispensed

* Democritus, junior.

with, nor even apologies for them introduced, to cajole good-humoured John Bull. Treat him with a little foolery, he will chuckle at it; give him a song, he will encore it. Startle his aural with the noise of drums, trumpets, and the bray of arms, and it is marvellous if he join not in the chorus, and feel pleased in being amazed. Excuses are made that vehicles for music need not such perfection, either as the plots of comedy or tragedy. We are perfectly aware that it would be ridiculous for Melpomene to sing the fine heroic sentiments of her breast, instead of speaking them, and to die at the conclusion of a strain; or for Thalia to relinquish contrast of situation for the sake of a few sounds; but surely this said Music, for which so many vehicles are built, requires respectable ones,—honourable to her dignity and to her supporters.

Now come we to the text, *The Two Houses of Grenada* is—we will not weary either ourselves or our readers by attempting an analysis, and yet we wish to be as explicit as possible. There are a couple of rival families, the heads of which entertain towards each other a hatred equal to, though not quite so dignified, as that of the Montagues and Capulets, for what reason we know not; and Downton, as Don Guzman, and Pope, Count Valentine, we dare say are as little acquainted with the affair as we. This enmity does not extend to the respective heirs of these noblemen, for Don Carlos and Don Christoval, fall in love with each other's sisters, and to prosecute their respective suits, introduce themselves not to their own parents, but *vice versa*. A sort of excuse about their long absence is patched up, to avoid this glaring inconsistency, and the lovers are naturalized in the twinkling of an eye. Horn, however, has the worst of it, for his *chère amie* has escaped from the domination of her father, and taken refuge in the disguise of a page with Christoval's sister. Braham (Carlos) in consequence, obtains the advantage of both ladies' company, and he very politely sings them into exceeding good humour. A due proportion of foolery succeeds, the feuds are reconciled, and in a fine betrothing chorus, all parties are made happy.

Having thus done as much towards explaining this *par courtoisie* plot, we shall proceed to give our opinion of the music, and, in so doing, we candidly own we experience a degree of pleasure. Mr. Wade is both author and composer; for the first, he is utterly unfit, in the second station, he is respectable and even meritorious. We remember to have heard, with some rapture, an oratorio, composed by this gentleman, which received, from a numerous and musical auditory, a due share of applause. With the overture to the *Two Houses of Grenada*, great pains have evidently been taken, and the various instruments in the orchestra were pressed into full and active service. Even in the first movements, we recognised many strains of former days. Beethoven, Mozart, and, be it known, a bar or two from the hunting chorus, like the remembrance of old friends, saluted us; yet the arrangement was judicious and the plagiarism brief. But the greatest suc-

cess of the composer was in the melodies, which were plentifully interspersed through the opera. Some of them were really enchanting, but Moore and Stepherson's labours in their exquisite collections were called, more than in one instance, into requisition, and with the addenda of new symphonies and accompaniments, formed the principal groundwork of the harmony. Mr. Wade is certainly entitled to much praise, and the audience sufficiently showed their approbation by repeated encores; but from this flattering proof must be deducted the ability of the singers. Braham, as the chief leader of song, showed that his powers are not deteriorated, and gave an air, beginning Oh, do you remember the first time I met you, with touching simplicity and pathos. One stanza, sung by this artist, in a similar style, is worth hundreds of bravuras, executed as they always are by him, with correct rapidity. In a battle song, Up, comrades, up, his energetic delivery and manly tones imparted more spirit than in any other hands the composition would be capable of. Several other airs were honoured by repetition. Mrs. W. Gleeson, who personated Donna Julia, daughter of Don Guzman, made her first appearance on Drury Lane boards. To a voice clear and powerful, are united much ability and taste. We were highly pleased with this debut; there is one defect which we would wish her to amend, viz. a discordant burst of tone when entering in a forte passage, this becomes unmusical, and we wonder notes so flexible could not be strengthened without marring effect; a little care will remedy this unpleasing trait. What shall we say of Miss Graddon, the page—Vestris might have looked handsomer in the character, but the truly feminine and modest manner in which Miss G. deported herself, was worth the whole of the wreathed smiles, becks, nods, and winks, with which the Cherry ripe lady is so apt to treat the more favoured of the audience; nor in singing, we question, would V. have borne the preference, at least not in one song—Love was once a little boy, which so pleased its hearers as to be called for a third time: this is honourable, although fatiguing, and we congratulate the young lady on her rising excellence and popularity. Miss Cubitt played the part of a pert girl naturally, and sang a duet with Sancho with much *goût*. Downton was completely cooped up; cold and, except in one scene, spiritless, he seemed to have lost all his usual raciness of acting, and confined himself to the mere utterance of the stupid dialogue. Harley was as vivacious as ever, and capered, danced, and talked with his usual velocity: he was laughed at once or twice, but these visible intimations of pleasure were elicited more by antics than by words. Browne, as Gil Polo, a travelled fop, gave the finished nonsense of a coxcomb as much importance as possible. We had almost forgotten Horn, who sang worse than we ever heard him. His notes were bereft of all brilliancy, and even his execution, (the only requisite on which he can pride himself,) was languid and faulty. The rest of the characters are not worthy of mention. Braham gave out the opera for

repetition, and some portion of applause attended its announcement.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—A piece, in two acts, entitled *Returned & Killed*, was produced on Tuesday evening. The gist of the story is in the gazetting as slain a worthy colonel, who afterwards makes his appearance in a moment of peril, and renders service to Frederick the Great. It is a pretty affair, won the favour of the audience, and will be popular as long as such ephemera usually are.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Opera House is undergoing a thorough cleansing, and several of the most efficient performers are already engaged; besides Pasta and Brocard, Madame Caradori and Curioni and De Regnis are mentioned. Velluti is not likely to appear this season.

The British Press, (originally started with the Globe by the principal booksellers of the metropolis), has at length given up its struggle for independent existence, and followed the course of The Representative, which, a short time since, joined The New Times; so that, henceforward, The British Press, The Representative, and The New Times will appear as one paper.

The Diorama of Roslyn Chapel and the City of Rouen continues to be highly attractive. The fine scenic delusion of the one developing a sainted monument of Scotia's ancient days, and the antique Norman city rich in surrounding scenery, form subjects ably executed, and worthy of great commendation.

Miss Mitford's forthcoming tragedy, was accepted three years since, but prevented from being played through the reprehensible cabals of the actors. Mr. Macready refused to play the Doge, and Mr. Young, although he never read the part, could not play a character, which Mr. Macready had thought beneath his talents! The same lady had also another tragedy accepted for representation, but because it contained a scene representing the trial of Charles I., the fastidious licenser rejected it, although he admitted that it contained not one offensive passage—but the subject was one he could not sanction. The Foscari, we are informed, was written before Lord Byron wrote his Two Foscari, and Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Warde and Mr. Serle declare themselves well pleased with their parts.

A letter has been received from Capt. Clapperton, dated Feb. 22, 1826, at Illo, or Eyo, the capital of Youriba, in Africa:—"I have been well used here; and depart in two days for Youri, where poor Park was killed. I will get all his papers, if not sent home by Bello, and hear every circumstance connected with his death. I have made important discoveries here, as every foot is new ground. I have passed over a range of hills which were not known to exist before; and traversed one of the most extensive kingdoms in Africa, the very name of which was unknown to Europeans. In the capital of this

kingdom. I have remained upwards of two months. The celebrated Niger is only two days' journey to the eastward of me; its course to the sea in the Bight of Benin, can be no longer doubtful."

Dr. Morrison asserts, that the ignorance of the Europeans, concerning the true elements and spirit of the Chinese language, is owing principally to the widely spread belief of its difficulty. Instead of eighty thousand letters being indispensable for understanding Chinese, he says, two thousand are sufficient, and that by means of these an European may express himself intelligibly to the Chinese, either at Canton or Peking, upon almost every subject. To facilitate the learner in the acquisition of Chinese letters, Dr. Morrison's Chinese Miscellany gives a collection of the old emblems, from which the new roots are derived, and he remarks that the written language of the Chinese has more meanings than sounds. These emblems, which are, as it were, an etymology of the language, were never before printed in Europe. Of the primitive words, (two hundred and sixteen,) the pronunciation and significations are also given, and several examples of the different styles of prose and poetical composition. Besides these, Dr. Morrison gives a catalogue of one thousand four hundred and eleven syllables, of which the language of the Mandarins is formed, by means of a different intonation and accent.

THE BEE, OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

THEATRICAL STARS.

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Don Juan, canto 5, stanza 61.

We are blessed with stars of various magnitude in our theatrical hemisphere. From the first to the seventh they are well defined, then follows a host of inferior luminaries, not visible but by the help of an opera glass. The nature of all is different; some are always eclipsing, some are always in eclipse. There are comets among them too, which rove from system to system, and visit distant suns. Some, like inferior planets, have their transits and immersions.

"They pass, repass, appear, and glide away." Some are but satellites and attendants on a greater luminary; some are but nucleus and nebula, masses of indefinable matter, which seem to tend to a centre,—and then—what then? who knows?

The revenue from playing-cards, (duty 2s. 6d. per pack,) is £5,000 a-year less than when the duty was only 1s. per pack. Is this a proof of better morals or worse legislation?

Back-treading.—We have a communication to make that gives us much pleasure, but which we hardly know whether to place among literary and scientific intelligence or among our facts and fancies:—it is this—we, the writer, after having been confined three weeks with lumbago, (notwithstanding divers

potent charms used in former attacks) were informed—legally informed, by a veritable lawyer—one in whom we place implicit confidence, malgré our occasional squibs, that he had been similarly situated more than once, but that he had obtained *private* advice, that if he would submit to be trampled upon, the back-bone would be trodden into juxta position and the pain would cease: he tried it, had occasion to re-try it, and, as in most of the cases he engages in, he was completely successful. Our confidence in his *practice*, backed with an inability to turn ourselves about, induced us to lay prostrate on our stomach (our *lustiness* in no ways incommencing us,) and, experimentally, had one of our sons (about three stone) to step a minuet upon our loins. Did our *faith* make us whole? Not quite. But we were relieved; and upon the dance being repeated in the same limited space, by a performer of treble his weight, our heart, back and spirit, became so free and *comme il faut*, that in a few hours we were able to skip about the room in ecstasy!

Progress of Human Life.—We commence our career with the heat of passion and the light of hope, and travel on, till passion is quenched by indulgence, and hope, flying round the ball of life which is blackening before us, seems to come up behind us mingled with dim and regretted reminiscences of things hoped for, obtained, enjoyed, and lost for ever but to memory:—

"Oh! age has weary days,
And nights of sleepless pain."

Youth needs no stimulus, it is too hot already; but when a man is shuffling forward into the arctic circle of old age, he requires a warm potation to thaw the icicles that crust around his heart, and freeze up the streams of his affections.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | 8 o'clock Morning. | 1 o'clock Noon. | 11 o'clock Night. | Barom. 1 o'clock Noon. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|------------------------|----------|
| Oct. 27 | 44 | 51 | 46 | 29 60 | Rain. |
| 28 | 41 | 51 | 45 | 30 10 | Fair. |
| 29 | 47 | 53 | 51 | .. 10 | Cloudy. |
| 30 | 51 | 53 | 55 | .. 11 | Rain. |
| 31 | 47 | 51 | 44 | .. 10 | Fair. |
| Nov. 1 | 42 | 48 | 43 | 29 67 | Do. |
| 2 | 40 | 47 | 44 | .. 80 | Do. |

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vivo is under consideration. We are not fond of the didactic.

We fear our friend M——e writes too hastily. S. R. J.'s intimation will be attended to. Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq. in our next.

Works just published:—Hood's Whims and Oddities, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Johnson on Tropical Climates, 8vo. 18s.—Martinet's Manual of Pathology, 6s.—Stanley's Manual of Anatomy 9s.—The Story of a Wanderer, 9s. 6d.—Giles' German Stories, 3 vols. 21s.—Thoughts on Domestic Education, by a Mother, 9s.—Statutes at Large, vol. 4, part 2, 26s.

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